# The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES

SPIRIT OF THE

LIFE

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## Turf Matters.

RACES TO COME.

Sept. 24th, Poughkeepsie (Duchess Co. N.Y.)
" 25th, Broadrock, (Virginia.)
Oct. 1st, Union Course (New-York,) first meeting.
" " Tree Hill, (Richmond, Va.)
" 8th, New Market, (Va.)
" 15th, Central Course, (Baltimore.)
" " Fairfield, (Va.)
" 22d, Timonium (New) Course, Baltimore.
" 28th, Union Course, [New York] second Meeting.

FALL RACES.

*Errata.*—Our *Devils* at the office were so gallant last week that they bestowed the name of *Harriet* on Major Jones's b. c. "S. HAMET," which we wrote at full in a fine text hand that would have done credit to *Ely* himself; and thus we are condemned to apologize to the Ladies in general for having taken one of their names in vain,—and to Major Jones's colt in particular, for having effeminated him by this error of the Press.

A correspondent in the Turf Register who signs himself "Observer" throws out an indirect reproach that we of New York do not give very correct information of the Sires and Dams even of our winning horses, and mentions the omission in the case of "*Monmouth*" who beat *Charles Kemble* in a match last spring.

We very much regret that there should be any room for this rebuke, and more particularly because an esteemed friend and turfman who has brought out as fine horses as any of our first rate sportsmen, expressed an apprehension that it was a marked neglect to a stable of a very high, and justly esteemed character. As far as we can, we make the amende to him by answering the Correspondent of the Turf Register, that "Monmouth" was got by *John Richards* out of an Expedition Mare, and he is now entered in the very handsome two mile stakes to be run for on the 2d Oct. over the Union Course.

AFRICAN ELEPHANT HUNT.

The following account of a Hunt, taken from Capt. Owen's Voyages on the shores of Africa, may be interesting both to our sporting and more general readers from its very graphic description of a sport somewhat more hazardous and exciting than hunting Bison in the West or Deer in the South. The Messrs. Harper have this interesting work in the Press, and will issue it very shortly.

As all our attempts to obtain an hippopotamus had hitherto failed, and as we were not likely to meet with another opportunity, this being our last visit to Delagon Bay, a party of officers volunteered for the chace, and were conveyed up the Dundas river in the Albatross. The evening set in before they reached that part of the river where the hippopotami were the most abundant. Three parties were however formed, who at midnight commenced their pursuit. The scene was novel and imposing; a body of men armed at all points with muskets, harpoons, and lances, walked on the shallows of the river, with nothing but the moon to light them, all hallooing and driving before them their huge game, who, blowing, snorting, and bellowing, were floundering through the mud from the numerous holes which they had made at the bottom for their retreat, but from which the hunter's lances soon expelled them; until ultimately driven upon dry ground, where a running contest commenced, the beasts sometimes being pursued, and at others pursuing.

This lasted for some time; but still there were no signs of man's boasted preeminence! not an animal had the party secured dead or alive. * * At low water the following morning one party formed a line across one of the shallows, where the depth was not more than two feet, while the boats went up the river and actually drove the animals down the stream, another party having lined the banks to prevent their taking to the woods and reeds. These, whenever the monstrous but timid animals attempted to pass them, set up a shout, which in most instances proved sufficient to turn them back into the water; when, collecting a vast number on one shallow bank of sand, the whole of the hunters commenced from all sides a regular cannonade upon the astonished brutes. Unwieldy as they appeared, still much activity was displayed in their efforts to escape the murderous and unceasing fire to which they were exposed. The one-pound gun occasionally furrowed the thick hide of some, while others were perpetually assailed by a shower of pewter musket-balls. One, a cub, was nearly caught uninjured in attempting to follow its mother, who, galled to desperation, was endeavouring to escape through the land party; but as soon as the affectionate brute perceived her offspring falling into the hands of her enemies, forgetting her fears she rushed furiously at the offenders, when they in their turn were obliged to retreat; but again they contrived to separate them, and had almost secured the prize, when the angry mother, regardless of their close and almost fatal fire, succeeded in redressing it from their grasp, and bearing it off although in a state of great exhaustion. With the flood this sport ended.

On their return to the schooner along the banks of the river, passing near a spot where an hippopotamus had been seen sporting in the water, a rustling was heard in the reeds, as if the animal had retreated thither on the discharge of their pieces.—Messrs. Arlett and Barrette, with two of the seamen, immediately followed with the view of driving him out. The former gentleman was a little in advance, and eager in the pursuit, when he was heard loudly to exclaim, 'Here he is!' The shrill, angry scream of some large animal instantly followed and in a few seconds Mr. Barrette rushed from the reeds with his face covered with blood and calling aloud for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert in search of the unfortunate officer, whom they expected to find a mangled corpse. As they approached, the elephant, alarmed at their number, retreated, leaving his victim on the ground in a state that may more easily be imagined than described. He was stretched motionless on his back covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes staring from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death.

Every attention was immediately paid to him, but it was long feared that the vital spark had fled. Some water was procured, when, after his face had been washed and a little introduced into his mouth, he showed symptoms of returning life; but it was some time before he recovered his senses and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence that had led to his pitiable state. It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his situation, but immediately on making his discovery, he uttered the exclamation heard by his companions of 'Here he is!' This had hardly escaped him, when he discovered that instead of an hippopotamus, he was almost stumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air and, the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs and turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gesture, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and, shrieking with rage made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped among the reeds. The ferocious animal still followed him, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man crying loudly, 'An elephant! an elephant!' until closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, where the party who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him, and severely bruising his ancle.

As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chafing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot upon his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill—such conjecture being perfectly in accordance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast.

Mr. Arlett was with much care conveyed on board the schooner, when, on examination it was found that his body was severely bruised, yet no bones were broken, excepting the fibula of the left leg, which was supposed to be slightly fractured. It appeared that the elephant on his last return to Mr. Arlett had filled his trunk with mud; which, having turned him on his back, and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into the stomach. It was this that procured the inflamed appearance of Mr. Arlett's countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he, occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand.

When he encountered the elephant, he had a rifle in his hand, but was too close to fire, knowing as he did, that in case of failure his destruction would be certain, for, when wounded, the desperation of this animal is fatal to all. Upon conveying him to the boat, the rifle was forgotten, when a party of four was sent to recover it. They had just succeeded, and were about to return when the elephant rushed in amongst them. The first and second man fired without effect, but the ball of the third fortunately turned him.

LETTER WRITING.

It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude of invitation and acceptance. It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely and unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure to be understood: but a formal letter, like a ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver—for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, trite observations, complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive any body. For our own part we would rather weed a turnip field, or dig clams at the halves, than to write exactly such a letter every month, or every fortnight, at the precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours—as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the well-head, at regular periods, to be bottled up for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, and wears out innocent goose quills. Surely in this age of invention something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking and degrading the human intellect.—Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and country dances, to indite a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good breeding! Oh! the unspeakable relief of having only to *grind* an answer to one's 'dear five hundred friends!' We are inclined to think, however, that the female sex in general would not quite enter into our views. Those who pique themselves on excelling in "l'eloquence du billet," or those fair scribblermas just emancipated from boarding school restraints, and beginning to taste the refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul breathing correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long tailed letters, upon vellum paper, with pink margins, sealed with sweet mottos and dainty devices. "Je ne change qu'en mourant"—"Forget me not"—or Cupid with a rose, "L'une seul me suffit"—the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses. Young ladies who collect "copies of verses" and charades, keep albums, copy patterns, make bread seals, work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow—Oh! no—the epistolary barrel organ will never do for them. *They* must upon the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," and they must write—ye Gods! how they *do* write.

But for another class of scribes—unhappy innocents! who at this very moment perhaps are screwed up perpendicular in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh nibbed pen, and under the out spread palm of the left a fair sheet of letter-paper, (ready to receive thoughts as yet unlatched) on which their eyes are rivetted with a disconsolate perplexity, infinitely touching to a feeling mind—to such unhappy persons what an amount of mental drudgery would such an invention save! Have we not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when we were first shut up to indite a dutiful epistle to an honored aunt! We remember as if it were yesterday, the moment when she who had enjoined the task entered to inspect the performance, which, by her calculation, should have been fully completed. We remember how sheepishly we held down our head, when she snatched from before us the paper, (on which we had made no further progress than "My dear *aunt*") angrily exclaiming, "what, child, have you been shut up here this three hours to call your aunt a pismire?"—*Backwood.*

An old woman who lived near the frontier during the disturbance with Great Britain, and possessed a marvelous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion, she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before: "what's the news!" "why good woman," says he, "the Indians have fixed a fever under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world!" "Oh massy! massy! what shall I do!" and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger and enquire of her minister how such a calamity might be averted. "Why," says he, "you need not be alarmed, we have our Maker's promise that he will not again destroy the world by water." "I know that," returned the old lady hastily, "but he's nothing to do with it; its them are plaguy Indians."

## Sporting Intelligence

PIGEON SHOOTING.

We stated in our last Saturday's paper that a Match for $500 aside was shot on Friday the 6th inst. but came off too late to give the particulars that day. We now proceed to give the result of this match which in its progress excited the greatest interest in the by-standers, and was the subject of very varied and heavy betting. The parties were Mr. L. who lost a match with Mr. J. Q. U. on the previous Friday—and Mr. M.—well known as an excellent shot, and selected by the subscribers to the Red House Pigeon grounds, to represent the sportsmen of New York in this contention with one of the crack shots of Pennsylvania. They had 40 shots, each, taking the Birds alternately, and separated into divisions of 10 at a spell. Mr. L. had the lead, and shot so well at the first 5, that immense odds in his favor were freely offered, and taken to a very considerable extent. The result of the first ten, was as follows:—

Mr. L.—x x x o x  x o o x x—7
Mr. M.—x x o o o  x x x x o—6

Mr. L. was now 1 ahead, and the bets were brisk that he would remain so at the end of the match. The second ten were then shot at.

Mr. L.—x o x x x  o o x o o—5.
Mr. M—o x x x o  x o x x x—7.

It was now Mr. M's turn to be ahead of his opponent and though the odds were against him, his steady shooting considerably increased the confidence of his friends and gave them some hopes of a favorable result. The advantage thus gained was however neutralized in the next parcel of ten,—the third resulted thus,—

Mr. L.—o x x o x  x x x o x—7
Mr. M—o x x o x  x o x o x—6.

They were now once again on a par,—each having made 30 shots without any advantage on either side. The greatest skill was now used to obtain the superiority in this last trial, and though the Philadelphian continued the favorite, he found he had one to shoot against, who was at least not *easily* to be beaten. The depression which might have been caused by the desertion of friends was however amply made up by a determination to win in spite of them and their fears, and the admirable shooting in the fourth contest caused many a long face to be pulled at the result of the match.

Mr. L.—x x x o o  x x x o x x—7.
Mr. M—x o x x x  x x x o x—8.

Thus leaving Mr. M. the winner of the $500 match; he having shot 27 birds, and Mr. L. only 26.

We extract from "Doughty's Cabinet of Natural History" the following graphic sketch of a "Sportsman's Chamber." It is from the pen of a friend and correspondent whose frequent communications under the signature of "*Delta*" have contributed so much to the embellishment of our columns and the entertainment of our readers. We cordially regret that our limits will not permit us to give the entire article, for we derive too much pleasure from all he writes, to omit one line, or change a single word, without a sad necessity.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CHAMBER.

This room, which is exclusively my own,
And which to every other I prefer,
Is furnished for convenience, not for show;
Plain, but yet clean—retired, yet o'erlooking
Villages, and woods, and fields, and rivers;
And giving to the eye a distant view
Of one great town, whose constant bustle, and
Ne'er ceasing sounds, disturb not meditation.
Where I write, the firm floor is cover'd
With a cloth that vies with April's verdant
Meads, when the blythe robin has begun to
Carol in the woods. Near to the fire-place
Is a mat, on which my faithful Pointer
Takes repose when home returned, and weary
From the chase. There, by the closet, stands my
Double-barrel instrument of death, well
Protected in its leathern coat. Not far
From that, on hooks projecting from the
Whiten'd wall, game-bags and shot-belts are
Suspended. Hard by my wardrobe is,
And over it, in not the most methodical
Array, of books a small but choice collection.
These serve to while away the hours when
Sickness or foul weather keep me home.
Snug in a corner is my cot, friendly
Receiver of my jaded frame, when from
The fields I come laden with spoils. A desk,
A single table, two arm-chairs, (one for
A friend,) complete the scanty list of goods
And chattels that my room contains. And yet
For unpretending bachelor like me
These will suffice. As simple quite, the
Ornamental part. Over the mantel-
Piece a portrait of my mother hangs, sketch'd
By myself in boyhood, long ere the cares
Of life had ruis'd one wrinkle on my brow;
Her full, dark eye is fixed on me in
Tenderness, and her scarcely open mouth
Is smiling, perhaps at the success of
This my juvenile aspiring. Around
The walls, promiscuously arranged, are
Some few sporting pictures, painted in
By-gone days, when shooting and the chase were
Follow'd by a race of men such as the
Fields and woods are not destined to
Behold again; a hardy, free, and
Jovial set of beings, who shot and
Hunted for the love they bore to healthful
Exercise and sylvan sports. The noble
Art of hanting for the pot, was then but
Little known: pecuniary thoughts and
Culinary calculations, never
Disturb'd their minds; their ammunition, game,
And purse, were equally their comrade's, and
Their own. DELTA.

*Anecdote.*—"Can a man's pocket be empty," inquired a Hiberman the other day, "when it's got any thing in it?" "Surely not," was the reply. "Then by Jasus," exclaimed Pat, "my pockets are not empty yet, for *shurely* have they not got contunded great holes in them!"

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF FERDINAND, KING OF NAPLES.

The late King Ferdinand of Naples, so well known as the Lazaroni 'Monarch,' and as one of the most illiterate, indolent, and careless men of Europe, was all his life so devoted to the chase, that he can hardly be said to have thought of anything else. When the French armies were a second time approaching his frontiers, to drive him a second time from his beautiful kingdom, a grand council was assembled at Portici, to deliberate on what was to be done in so tremendous a crisis. His Queen, Caroline of Austria, (sister to Marie Antoinette of France,) who was as as active as her Consort was indolent, always presided at the council table.—This day, as might be expected, in face of such danger, the deliberations were serious and long. The King became impatient; and, after looking several times out of the window at the weather, which was favorable for some sport, he rose, and thus delivered himself: "Caroline, what are we to do? If we are to run, let us run; but if we are to stay, tell me, that I may go shooting!"

At a later period, when he had no wife to transact business for him, he would invariably quit the council, no matter how important and urgent the matters of discussion, as soon as he heard the clock strike twelve, which was his dinner hour, usually saying to his ministers as he arose, "Gentlemen, my maccaroni will be getting cold!"

A few weeks before his death, I had the honor of an audience with King Ferdinand at his magnificent palace of Caserta. The object of this was to present some papers containing some important representations about the trade of Messina, and as he was known never to read what was put into his hands, I was instructed to inform him by word of mouth, as to the contents of the papers. He received me very condescendingly, I might almost say kindly, and listened for a minute or two with tolerable attention. But all at once, my name, which had been given in writing by the Chamberlain who had procured me the audience, flashed across his Majesty's mind, and, cutting me short in my story about Messina, and the rights assured to foreign merchants, he asked me if I was any relation to Gen——, who had been with our army in Sicily during the French occupation of Naples. On my replying that I had not the honor of any such relationship, his Majesty said, "Ah! he was an excellent man! Such a shot! such a shot!" and having once got his darling subject, I fancied I saw that he was thinking more of it than what I was telling him. He however heard me out, and, I believe, would have done what had been asked of him, had he not died so soon after. He was then just going off to shoot in the woods near the Favorita. When I entered the room I was nearly upset by a couple of huge Spanish pointers that ran between my legs; and, during the conversation, the favorite companions further disturbed me by jumping up in front of me, and (one of them) by leaping on his Majesty's bed, which was visible in an inner room, and seemed to be nothing less than the common tent bed. The magnificent room in which I was received, boasted scarcely any furniture. The most conspicuous objects were a pair of mud boots, to be used in snipe shooting, that lay in elegant ease in one corner, two guns in another, a powder flask, a little hammer on a silk chair, and other articles of a like nature. His Majesty was dressed in a grey coat, grey waistcoat, and grey pantaloons, over which was pulled, as high as the knee, a pair of course brown worsted stockings, such as are generally worn by the summer Neapolitan sportsmen. During the audience his Majesty stood on one side of the room, between two windows, resting his hand on a marble table. I observed that his hands were coarse, hard-looking, and horny, like those of a man accustomed to hard manual labor. And undoubtedly, as far as regarded hunting shooting, and fishing, his Majesty had worked hard enough in his time. In spite of his advanced age, he was then robust, straight, and active. Almost before I got beyond the palace gate, he rolled after me in an ugly tub of a carriage, on his way to the scene of the day's sport. The next time I saw him, he was lying in state!

Ferdinand had borne the ups and downs of his royal career (and they had been enough to kill a prouder or more susceptible sovereign) with wonderful equanimity. He had never permitted them to interrupt his sleep, his appetite, his favorite sports, and his roaring laughs. I have often heard him, even when things were none of the smoothest with him—or rather with his kingdom—laugh as loud and as long as any lazzarone in Naples. He must almost have died with the thoughts of wild boars and wild ducks, dogs, guns, and "good shots" in his head. For, in January 1824, after he had been confined a few days with a cold, he felt himself better one evening, and made arrangements for a shooting excursion the following day at the Lake di Patria. He went to bed in excellent spirits, and early, as he was always accustomed to do; but the next morning he did not summon his attendant early, as was also his wont. Every thing was ready for the departure of the sportsmen; Don D—— Don G——, and others of his favourites were waiting. At length the door of the royal chamber was opened, and his Majesty was found cold dead! One of his hands was thrown a little over the side of his low camp bed, as though he had been endeavoring to rise: there were no signs of suffering on his countenance. Apoplexy had despatched him in the quickest and quietest way possible. He was approaching his eighticth year.

The faults of Ferdinand were mainly, if not entirely, attributable to the bad education he had received, and to the country in which he lived. His natural talents were good, but they had never been cultivated. Occasionally, when he could relieve himself from his habitual indolence and indifference, he could think very justly and act with energy. He was a wit too in his way, and said many droll things. After his last return from Sicily, when Joachim Murat had been driven out of the kingdom of Naples by the Austrians, General Nugent, the Minister of War waited on Ferdinand one day, with some cuirasses as specimens of that armour, with which the General thought of furnishing one of the regiments of the new Neapolitan army he was then organizing. The King approved of the specimens, but asked the General, with a smile, what part of the soldiers' bodies they were meant to cover? The General replied, of course the breast. "Then are they of no use to my brave maccaroni eaters?" cried the King; "my soldiers are not likely to expose their fronts—no, no! General reverse them; put them behind! put them behind!" and then he roared with laughter at his own witticism and the notorious cowardice of his own troops.

*Base Imposition.*—Under this head the Hartford Review has an article stating, that on Friday last a Mr. Nichols attempted to palm himself upon the good citizens of Hartford as the celebrated "Bill Nichols," the well known American Ventriloquist. After circulating his bills, he attempted a performance. The exhibition not being quite "up to the ideas" of the audience, a portion were uproarious. To pacify the multitude, the Ventriloquist attempted to give them a few *comic* songs. Here again there was a failure; and after sundry hissings and hootings, the Ventriloquist was seized and obliged to walk, at no measured pace and with thin pumps on, over some fifty rods of broken stone laid upon the road for the purpose of macadamising it. In the mean time a portion of the citizens followed in the rear, and, as the Review expresses it, applied the "*argumentum ad posteriora*"—meaning in vulgar parlance, sundry foot-lifts or blows from the assailant's shoes applied to the transom of the assailed. After suffering proper penance the luckless wight was dismissed.

AN UNCOMMON WEDDING.

About a fortnight ago a wedding took place at the Collegiate Church, under circumstances which we should suppose are without a parallel in the annals of matrimony. The parties we are told reside in the neighborhood of St. George's road; and, as our information goes, some weeks since the bride declared in a company of female acquaintances, that she would give three pounds to any one who would marry her husband and take him off her hands. "Will you?" cried one of the company, "I'll do it," and without any further ceremony, the bargain was concluded. When the husband was consulted he expressed himself quite willing to make the transfer of his "troth" to the adventurous damsel, and on the 19th ult. they proceeded to the Collegiate Church in a body, the wife officiating as bridesmaid, and the uncle as groomsman to the happy pair. At the altar the self discarded wife took the ring from her finger and presented it to the bridegroom to place upon that of his new bride, and when the nuptial ceremony was ended, she duly paid over to her successor the three pounds which had been agreed upon as the price of her liberty, and presented the new married couple with a cart load of furniture towards the formation of a new domestic establishment! Of course the peculiar circumstances of the case were not made known to the clergyman who performed the ceremony.—*London paper.*

Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steamboat and a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other setting the ingredients of a wedding dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences: "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed—with a calf's head and a pig's face." "Well, if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut in thin slices." "I do love to see little Tommy well dressed—in the fish-kettle over a charcoal fire." "To behold the little dears dancing before one—in the frying pan." "And to hear their innocent little tongues—bubble and squeak." "My eldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce." "I always see the young folks put to bed myself—and smothered in onions." "And if they have been good children I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and devilled—and the soul—to be fried."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

We take the following from the Journal du Commerce of Lyons:—A few mornings ago the Countess de C——, residing at Tournon, whose husband, a deputy for one of the neighboring departments, is now in Paris, rose as usual, with the sun, to take her walk in the garden during the freshness of the day, when she accidentally stooped to the door, and discovered a strange man soundly sleeping on the floor under her bed. Notwithstanding her surprise and terror, she retained sufficient presence of mind to ring her bell and call loudly for assistance. Her servants immediately entered her room and dragged the intruder from his retreat. His ferocious countenance, and the poignard with with which he was armed, left no doubt of the murderous intention with which he had entered. He was a robber who came to carry off the money and jewels of the Countess, and was resolved to assassinate her if she made any resistance. To sustain his courage he had drank so freely that, though he was able to enter her room, which is on the ground door, by the window from the garden, he was no sooner couched in his hiding place, than, overcome by the liquor he had taken, he fell asleep, and never awoke till he was seized by the domestics of the lady and dragged to light. He was immediately conducted before the Mayor, and thence committed to prison, having confessed his intended crime. Madame de C—— continues to be seriously indisposed from the effects of the fright.

MISERIES OF SICKNESS.

It is to wake up in the morning, get half dressed and go to bed again. It is to see your servant enter with your boots nicely polished, and to feel that his labor has been *baulless*. It is to have the whole family rush into your room screaming "What is the matter?" It is to see your doctor take his lancet out of his jacket pocket, and approach you with sanguinary intentions. It is to have your windpipe choked with pills, and your palate spoiled with potions. It is to have your eyes filled with camphor, and your nose with hart-shorn. It is to answer the same question fifty times a day, and to see the faces of all your friends, dressed for the occasion, in sympathetic sadness. It is to be fed with a spoon, and to wax lean upon panada. It is to have the cat jump on your bed, and parade leisurely about, without your being able to throw her out of the window. It is to have some dissipated old musquitoe make a banquet from your nose, and be too feeble to hit him. It is to have your beard grow until you look like the he-goat of Schreckorn. And finally, if you die, it is to be spoken well of by every body, and to have your name misprinted in the newspapers.

*Nice little Autocrat.*—One of those afflicting cases of extreme destitution and misery on the one side, and singular hard-heartedness on the other, which unfortunately are of such frequent occurrence at our police offices, was reported a few days since:—

"A soldier's wife whose covering of tatters bespoke her penury, with an infant in her arms, and three others barefooted and nearly naked, were brought up by the police constable, charged with sleeping in the open air in the laundry yard, Westminster.

*Magistrate.*—What have you to say to this?

*Woman.*—I am travelling from Deptford, Sir, towards Bristol, and I had no money to procure a lodging, so I and the children huddled close together to keep ourselves warm.

*Magistrate.*—Are you a soldier's wife?

*Woman.*—Yes, Sir, my husband is in the 95th foot, and is now at the Cape, I want to reach the depot of the regiment, that I may remain there till he returns.

*Magistrate.*—Aye, that is very well. I shall commit you for fourteen days to prison!

*Woman.*—Oh! do not for God's sake! surely our poverty is no *crime*! do not send us to prison.

*Magistrate.*—For fourteen days, woman! The wretched creature was then removed with her infants sobbing and clinging around, to the lock up cells!"

If any one can read the above account unmoved, we do not envy him his feelings. He can only be fit to superintend a knacker's yard, or be a magistrate at a police office.—*London Mon. Mag.*

From the Auburn Journal.

*How to patronize a Tavern.*—One evening last week a rather well dressed good looking Jonathan came into this place, with a load of "gals" and stopped at one of the taverns in the east part of the town. After handing the ladies into the sitting room, he drove his team into the shed and gave them some hay of his own. He then went to a grocery, purchased a pint of port wine, borrowed a bottle to carry it in, and a glass to drink it with, and took it up to the tavern, and after treating the "gals" returned the borrowed articles, and started for home. The landlord will be able to retire from business in a short time at this rate.

A gentleman in Virginia has had a standing bet for 12 or 15 years, that it would rain the first Saturday of every August, which he has won every year except one. Another gentleman bet that it would rain the 25th day of July, and won it. He says that it has never failed to do so for the last 16 years.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

FROM TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

Soon after, we embarked on board of a large canoe that I had provided; and, having shipped a beautiful little mule also, of which I had made a purchase at Panama, we proceeded down the river to the village of Gorgona, where we slept. My apartment was rather a primitive concern. It was simply a roof of sl—d, thatched with palm-tree leaves, about twelve feet long by eight broad, and supported on four upright posts at the corners, the eaves being about six feet high. Under this I slung my grass hammock transversely from corner to corner, tricing it well up to the rafters, so that it hung about five feet from the ground; while beneath Mangrove lit a fire, for the twofold purpose, as it struck me, of driving off the musquitoes, and converting his Majesty's officer into ham or hung beef; and after having made *mula* fast to one of the posts, with a bundle of *malaga*, or the green stems of Indian corn or maize, under his nose, he borrowed a plank from a neighboring hut, and laid himself down on it at full length, covered up with a blanket as if he had been a corpse, and soon fell fast asleep. As for Sneezer, he lay with his black muzzle resting on his fore paws, that were thrust out straight before him, until they stirred up the white embers of the fire: with his eyes shut, as if he slept, but from the constant nervous twitchings and pricking up of his ears, and his haunches being gathered up well under him, and a small quick switch of his tail now and then, it was evident he was broad awake, and considered himself on duty. All was quiet, however, except the rushing of the river hard by, in our bivouac until midnight, when I was awakened by the shaking of the shed from the violent struggles of *mula* to break loose, his strong trembling thrilling to my neck along the taught cord that held him, as he drew himself in the intervals of his struggles as far back as he could, proving that the poor brute suffered under a paroxysm of fear. "What noise is that?" I roused myself. It was repeated. It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill *moo*, gradually sinking into a deep growl. "What the deuce is that, Sneezer?" said I. The dog made no answer, but merely wagged his tail once, as if he had said, "Wait a bit now, master; you shall see how well I shall acquit myself, for *this* is in my way." Ten yards from the shed under which I slept, there was a pigsty, surrounded by a sort of small stockade a fathom high, made of split cane, wove into a kind of wickerwork between upright rails sunk into the ground; and by the clear moonlight I could, as I lay in my hammock, see an animal larger than an English bull-dog, but with the stealthy pace of the cat, crawl on in a crouching attitude until within ten feet of the sty, when it drew itself back, and made a scrambling jump against the cane fence, hooking on to the top of it by its fore paws, while the claws of its hind feet made a scratching rasping noise against the dry cane splits, until it had gathered its legs into a bunch like the ogress of puss on the top of the enclosure; from which elevation the creature seemed to be reconnoitering the unclean beasts within. I grasped my pistols. Mangrove was still sound asleep. The struggles of *mula* increased; I could hear the sweat raining off him; but Sneezer, to my great surprise, remained motionless as before. We now heard the alarmed grunts, and occasionally a sharp squeak, from the piggery, as if the beauties had at length become aware of the vicinity of their dangerous neighbor, who, having apparently made his selection, suddenly dropped down amongst them; when *mula* burst from his fastenings with a yell enough to frighten the devil, tearing away the upright to which the lanyard of my hammock was made fast, whereby I was pitched like a shot right down on Mangrove's corpus, while a volley of grunting and squeaking split the sky, such as I never heard before. And now in the very nick, Sneezer, starting from his lair with a loud bark, sprang at a bound into the enclosure, which he topped like a first rate hunter; and Peter Mangrove, awakening all of a heap from my falling on him, jumped upon his feet as noisy as the rest. "Garamighty in a tap—wurra all dis—my tomach bruise home to my backbone like one pancake;" and, while the short fierce bark of the noble dog was blended with the agonized cry of the *gatto del monte*, the shrill treble of the poor porkers rose high above both, and the *mula* was galloping through the village with the post after him, like a dog with a pan at his tail, making the most unearthly noises—for it was neither bray nor neigh. The villagers ran out of their huts, headed by the *Padre Cura*, and all was commotion and uproar. Lights were procured. The noise in the sty continued, and Mangrove, the warm hearted creature, unsheathing his knife, clambered over the fence to the rescue of his fourfooted ally, and disappeared shouting, "Sneezer often fight for Peter, so Peter now will fight for he;" and soon began to blend his shouts with the cries of the enraged beasts within. At length the mania spread to me upon hearing the poor fellow shout "Tiger here, Captain—tiger here—tiger too many for we—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many for we, sir,—if you no help we, we shall be torn in piece." Then a violent struggle, and a renewal of the uproar, and of the barking, and yelling, and squeaking. It was now no joke; the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. So I scrambled up after the pilot to the top of the fence, with a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active Spaniard following with a large brown wax candle, that burned like a torch; and looking down on the *melee* below, there Sneezer lay with the throat of the leopard in his jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still giving the creature a cruel shake now and then, while Mangrove was endeavoring to throttle the brute with his bare hands. As for the poor pigs, they were all huddled together, squeaking and grunting most melodiously in the corner. I held down the light. "Now, Peter, cut his throat, man—cut his throat." And Mangrove the moment he saw where he was, drew his knife across the leopard's *weasand*, and killed him on the spot. The glorious dog, the very instant he felt he had a dead antagonist in his fangs, let go his hold, and, making a jump with all his remaining strength, for he was bleeding much, and terribly torn, I caught him by the nape of the neck, and, in my attempt to lift him on the outside, down I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs, and upon the bloody carcass; out of which mess I was gathered by the *Cura* and the standers by in a very beautiful condition; for, what between the filth of the sty and the blood of the leopard, and so forth, I was not altogether a fit subject for a side box at the Opera.

YELLOW FEVER.

From the same.

Our chief object at present was to visit a neighboring estate, the overseer of which was, we were led to believe, from a message sent to Mr. Bang, very ill with fever. He was a most respectable young man, Mr. Stornaway told me, a Swede by birth, who had come over to England with his parents at the early age of eight years, where both he and his cousin Agatha had continued, until he embarked for the West Indies. This was an orphan girl whom his father had adopted, and both of them, as he had often told Mr. Stornaway, had utterly forgotten their Swedish,—in fact, they understood no language but English at the time he embarked. I have been thus particular, from a very extraordinary phenomenon that occurred immediately preceding his dissolution, of which I was a witness.

We rode up in front of the door, close to the fixed manger, where the horses and mules belonging to Busha are usually fed, and encountered a negro servant, on a mule with a portmanteau behind him, covered with the usual sheep's fleece, and holding a saddle horse.

"Where is your master?" said Mr. Bang.

"De doctor is in de hose," replied Quashie.

"Busha dere upon dying."

We ascended the rocky unhewn steps, and entered into the cool, dark hall, smelling strong of camphor, and slid over the polished floors towards an open door, that led into the back piazza, where we were received by the head book-keeper and carpenter. They told us that the overseer had been seized three days ago with fever, and was now desperately ill: and presently the doctor came forth out of the sick room.

"Poor Wedderfelt is fast going, sir—cold at the extremities already—very bad fever—the bilious remittent of the country, of the worst type."

All this while the servants, male and female, were whispering to each other; while a poor little black fellow sat at the door of the room, crying bitterly—this was the overseer's servant. We entered the room, which was darkened from the *jealousies* being all shut, except one of the uppermost, which happening to be broken, there was a strong *pencil* of light cast across the head of the bed where the sick man lay, while the rest of the room was involved in gloom.

The sufferer seemed in the last stage of yellow fever; his skin was a bright yellow, his nose sharp, and his general features very much pinched. His head had been shaven, and there was a handkerchief bound round it over a plantain leaf, the mark of the blister coming low down on his forehead, where the skin was shrivelled like dry parchment—apparently it had not risen. There was also a blister on his chest. He was very restless, clutching the bed clothes, and tossing his limbs about; his mouth was ulcerated and broken out, and blood oozed from the corners; his eyes were a deep yellow, with the pupil much dilated, and very lustrous; he was breathing with a moaning noise when we entered, and looked wildly round, mistaking Mr. Bang and me for some other persons. Presently he began to speak very quickly, and to lift one of his hands repeatedly close to his face, as if there was something in it he wished to look at. I presently saw that it held a miniature of a fair haired, blue-eyed, Scandinavian girl, but apparently he could not see it, from the increasing dimness of his eyes, which seemed to distress him greatly. After a still minute, during which no sound was heard but his own heavy breathing, he again began to speak very rapidly, but no one in the room could make out what he said. I listened attentively—it was close on me as being like—I was certain of it—*it was Sneezer's dish*, which in health he had entirely forgotten, but now in his dying moments vividly remembered.—Alas, it was a melancholy and a moving sight, to perceive all the hitherto engrossing thoughts and incidents of his youth and manhood, all save the love of one dear object, suddenly vanish from the tablet of his memory, ground away and erased as it were, by his great agony, or like worthless rubbish, removed from above some beautiful ancient inscription, which, for ages it had hid, disclosing in all their primeval freshness, sharp cut into his dying heart, the long smothered, but never to be obliterated impressions of his early childhood. I could plainly distinguish the name Agatha, whenever he peered with fast glazing eyes on the miniature. All this while a nice little brown child was lying playing with his watch and seals on the bed beside him, while a handsome colored girl, a slight young creature, apparently its mother, sat on the other side of the dying man, supporting his head on her lap, and wetting his mouth now and then, with a cloth moistened with brandy.

As he raised the miniature to his face, she would gently endeavor to turn away his hand, that he might not look at one whom she, poor thing, no doubt considered as usurping the place in his fluttering heart, which she had long fancied she herself had filled sol

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

About twenty years ago, (I was not then so bald as I am now,) I was spending the Midsummer with my old friend and schoolfellow, Tom Merton. Tom had married early in life, and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who, to her "father's wit and mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humour, and her aunt Deborah's notability. In her you had the realization of all that the poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching eyes. She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance—Narcissa, in Roderick Random, for instance—or Sophia, in Tom Jones—or Fanny, in Joseph Andrews—not the modern, lackadaisical damsels of Colburn and Bently. If she had met the eye of Marc Antony, Cleopatra might have exerted her blandishments in vain: if Paris had but seen Mary Rose Merton, Troy might have been standing to this day. Such was the presiding divinity of the house where I was visiting. One cannot explain the secret, but those who have felt the influence, will know how to judge of my feelings. I was as completely over head and ears as mortal could be: I loved with that entire devotion that makes filial piety and brotherly affection sneak to a corner of man's heart, and leave it to the undisputed sovereignty of feminine beauty.

The blindness incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means so remote as at first it had appeared to be; and, having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make her an offer of my hand, and to bear the result, pro or con, with all due philosophy. For more than a week I was disappointed in an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored, notwithstanding I had frequently left the dinner-table prematurely with that view, and several times excused myself from excursions which had been planned for my special amusement.

At length the favorable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop, for the benefit of a Sunday school, and as Mr. Merton was churchwarden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became imperative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course, proffered my services and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the centre aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "Pop the Question;" and when I did get a short slumber, I was waked on a sudden by some one starting from behind a hedge, just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes when I had fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary in a bower of jasmine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *tete-a-tete* with her papa. At another moment, she would slip a beautiful, pink, hot pressed billet-doux into my hand, which, when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favoured lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluding, as usual, with an indirect allusion to a horsewhip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It's a gross falsehood—mine *never* come true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning, and recollecting the gossip's tale, I had fondly believed it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my Dulcinea, and was accepted. I jumped out of bed in a tremor. "Yes." I cried, "I *will* pop the question: ere this night-cap again envelope this unhappy head, the trial shall be made!" and I shaved, and brushed my hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care; and made my appearance in the breakfast-parlour just as the servant had begun to dust the chairs and tables.

Poor servant maid! I exclaimed to myself—for I felt very Sterne-ish—was it ever thy lot to have the question popped in thy unsophistical ear? Mayhap, even now, as thou dustest the mahogany chairs, and rubbest down the legs of the rosewood tables, pangs of unrequited affection agitate thy tender bosom, or doubts of a lover's faith are preying upon thy maiden heart! I can fancy thee, fair domestic, standing in that neat dress thou wearest now—a gown of dark blue with a little white sprig, apron of criss-cross, (housemaids were not above checked aprons in those days,) and *black* cotton stockings—that identical *duster*, perhaps waving in thy ruby hand—I can fancy thee, thus standing, sweet help, with thy lover at thy feet—he all hope and protestation, thou all fear and hesitation—his face glowing with affection, thine suffused with blushes—his eyes beaming with smiles, thine gushing with tears—love-tears that fall, drop—drop—slowly at first, like the first drops of a thunder storm, increasing in their flow, even as that storm increaseth, till finding it no longer possible to dissemble thy weeping, thou raisest the duster to thy cheeks, and smearest them with its pulverized impurities. But Love knows best how to bring about his desires: that little incident, simple—nay, silly as it may seem, has more quickly matured the project than hours of sentiment could have done; for the begrimed countenance of the maiden sets both the lovers a laughing—she is anxious to run away, to wash "the filthy witness" from her face—*he* will not suffer her to depart without a promise, a word of hope—she falters forth the soft syllables of consent—and the terrible task of "popping the question" is over.

Breakfast-time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress; how I salted Mary Rose's muffin instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar basin, and took a bite at the teapot lid. "Pop the question" haunted me continually, and I feared to speak, even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop! every thing seemed to go off with a pop; and when at length Mr. Merton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to *pop* on their bonnets, I thought he laid a particular stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however, and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally: vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me, and when Mary observed that I was "very nervous this morning," I felt as if I could have throttled the lad; and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns, and doomed him to the lowest pit of Acheron.

I strove against my fate, however, and made several observations. "Look," cried Mary Rose, as we gained the end of the street, "what a beautiful child!"

I turned my head to the window, when the first object that met my eyes was a square blue paper, edged with yellow, on which was written in too, too legible characters, "Por." I believe I was surprised into an exclamation stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant, and the poor child came in for a share of my anathema. I didn't intend it, however, for I am very fond of children; but it served Mary Rose to scold me about till we came to the church door; and, if possible, bewildered me more than ever. We had now arrived in the middle aisle, when my fair companion whispered—"My dear Mr. ——, won't you take off your hat?" This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth psalm while the organist was playing the symphony, sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed, found myself pointed due west, the gaze and wonder of the whole congregation.

The sermon at length commenced; and the quietness that ensued, broken only by the perambulations of the beadle and sub-schoolmaster, and the collision ever and anon of their official wands with the heads of refractory students, guilty of the enormous crime of gaping or twirling their thumbs, gave me an opportunity of collecting my scattered thoughts. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to awake from my mental lethargy; and by the time the worthy prelate had discussed three or four heads of his text, felt myself competent to make a speech in parliament. Just at this moment too, a thought struck me, as beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desired tender of my person, and display an abundant share of wit into the bargain.

To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to matrimony, marked the passage, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" with two emphatic dashes; and pointing significantly and confidently to myself, handed it to her with a bow. She took it!—she read it!!—she smiled!!! Was it a smile of assent? O how my heart beat in my bosom at that instant—so loud, that I feared the people around us might hear its palpitations; and looked at them to see if they noticed me. She turned over a few leaves—she took my pencil which I had purposely enclosed in the book—and she marked a passly enclosed in the book—and she marked a passage. O ye gods and demigods! what were my sensations at that moment! not Jove himself, when he went swan-hopping to the lovely Leda—nor Pluto, when he perpetrated the abduction of the beautiful Proserpine, could have experienced a greater turmoil of passions than I at that moment I *felt* the score—felt it, as if it had been made across my very heart; and I grasped the book—and I squeezed the hand that presented it; and, opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes, (for the type was small, and my sight not quite so good as it used to be,) I read—O Mary Rose! O Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it!—"A woman may not marry her grandfather."

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, Sept'r 14, 1833.

## ENGLAND AND ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

One of the most remarkable features of the present state of Great Britain, is the extreme boldness, not to say licentiousness of expressed opinion on public as well as private affairs, and the hardihood with which the various enactments designed for the repression of adverse political sentiment, are openly violated. For the last thirty or forty years there has been popular discontent; but its voice was subdued, and the wrath of the people against their rulers was fain to expend itself in indistinct mutterings. Now it speaks out in defiance of stamp duties, prosecutions, prisons and treadmills.—Throughout the country, numerous associations are formed, for the express purpose of rousing and keeping alive sentiments of hostility in the minds of the laboring classes; and all the attempts of the government to destroy these associations, have as yet signally failed. It is true that no very rigorous effort has yet been made; but an incident has occurred which sufficiently indicates the anxiety of the ministry for the suppression of political meetings, and the stubborn determination of the people for their continuance. We allude to the inquest held on the body of the Policeman who was killed not long ago in London, in the course of a riot occasioned by the interference of the civil authorities and their attempts to disperse a political meeting.—The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of Justifiable Homicide, in spite of the reproaches, entreaties, arguments and abuse of the Coroner, who, it should seem, had made up his mind for a verdict of Wilful Murder against the person who gave the blow. The multitudes in attendance cheered the Jurors after their verdict, as though they had gained a triumph. Whether the verdict was influenced by political feeling or not, we have no means of knowing; nor is the question of any importance; the point of the affair is in the language and conduct of the people. To them the verdict was a triumph over the government: and the exultation which it occasioned, was a most striking proof of their disaffection. Notwithstanding the finding of the Coroner's Jury, the accused was indicted and tried for the murder; he was acquitted, and again the verdict was welcomed with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of approbation; it was another success over the ministry. But these are mere passive tokens of ill-will; the discontented, and they are not few, have by no means confined themselves to such moderate demonstrations; it is true they have not as yet *done* much, but they talk and write to the very extreme of boldness.

We have before us a file of the Working Man's Friend and Political Magazine, a weekly paper established in London in last December, ostensibly for the purpose of advocating the repeal of the Union between England and Ireland, but really for the promotion of discontent and the spirit of revolution. Every number contains a contrast between the condition of England and that of the United States; and the language of most of the articles is excessively violent, not to say ferocious. There was a time when monarchs and dignitaries of church and state, could be spoken of only in terms of respect; nay more, of affection. Behold the change; here is a character of George the IVth, extracted from the leading article of one of the file above mentioned.

"[What does any man know of him except that he was a bad and cruel husband, a bad son, a bad father, a man through life notorious for gluttony, intoxication, adultery and fornication, a great gambler disgraced for fraud even among gamblers, and always living to the injury of his creditors, until he was in a situation to make the toil-worn and plundered people discharge his debts, and support him in extravagance increased to a degree which almost indicated wild insanity!"

George the third is spoken of in other articles as "the torment and scourge of the human race—the mooncalf monarch—a wholesale slayer and robber of men—a hypocrite, and a blood-thirsty brutal tyrant."

The establishment of the aristocracy is denounced as "the most foul and contemptible insult upon the understanding of the people of England;" and the peers are depicted in flattering colors as "negro-drivers, pimps, borough-mongers, jobbers, black-legs, peculators, and all things vile and obscene."

Royal speeches are characterised as "complications of fraud and falsehood," and abounding with "childish confidence, mean concealments, stupidity, cowardice, cant, and hypocrisy;" opening Parliament in state is christened "tom-foolery," and opening it by commission, "villainous roguery."

But the most remarkable feature of this paper is the mode of its publication, which is in direct violation of the laws. All news-papers in England are subject to a stamp-duty; this duty the publisher of the "Working Man's Friend" refuses to pay, and his paper comes forth weekly without a stamp. In the ninth number, we find a Bow-Street report of the trial of Mr. Watson the publisher, for this offence, and his sentence to six months' imprisonment, or a penalty of twenty pounds, which he refused to pay, and was therefore committed. Yet the paper went on; agents offered themselves in abundance for its dissemination, and the editor dated his articles from his prison. Alas! for Old England!

From the Courier & Enquirer.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1833.

COL. WEBB,—The Editors of the "Times & Traveller," in their publication of the 7th inst. in noticing an article in the "New York Mirror," of the week preceding, relating to the characteristics of "John Neal," venture the expression that they would take oath that the sketch in the "Mirror" was formed either by Mr. Neal, or some person employed by him. I am too true a sportsman to take any advantage of their proffered bet, when confident of winning. The article referred to, was written by "B." the Editor of the Portland Advertiser, whose descriptive letters, from Washington and other places, on public men and public works, have been so generally read and approved. Will Messrs. Fisher & Inman draw their wager and correct their errata! C. A. C.

To be sure they will: that is, with a circumstance. We repent; not of our opinion, for to that we still hold, but of having indited so clumsy a paragraph as that referred to by C. A. C. We meant to suggest a simple belief in one of two suppositions; either that the article in the Mirror was written by Mr. N., or that the matters of fact and, some of the opinions therein contained, were furnished by him to the actual perpetrator. We will die in this faith, only admitting, in deference to the authority of C. A. C., that the last of our suppositions is the veracious. If the matter was worth making a noise about, we should like to see the original manuscript.

By the way, we said "odds" and not "oath." Many thanks to C. A. C. for his polite note. The mistake we of course understood to be typographical.

## Turf Matters.

### CHALLENGE FROM THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.

We have been favored by Mr. Skinner with the following announcement of a challenge from our friends on the other side of the Potomac. Our kind and friendly correspondent, with a flattering confidence in the high spirit of our sportsmen, entertains an expectation in which we feel assured he will not be disappointed; for he adds to his communication—"we take it for granted that the invitation from the South to the North will not go unaccepted."

The Editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine has been requested to announce, on responsible authority, that the SOUTH will match a three year old against any three year old to be found in the NORTH, taking the Potomac as the line of demarcation; to run a match race over the Central Course, agreeable to the rules of the Maryland Jockey Club, on the Monday preceding the first day of the next October meeting, which will commence on Tuesday, the 15th.

The race to be two mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit. This invitation to be accepted by letter, addressed to J. S. Skinner, Baltimore, by the first day of October. The colts to be named at the post.

*Races to come.*—In addition to the list published on our first page, we have received information of the following races being fixed as under,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sept. | 17 | Lynchburg, Va. |
| " | | Gloucester, (Campfield) Va. |
| " | | Taylorsville, Va. |
| " | 25 | Culpepper Court House, Va. |
| " | | Hagerstown, Md. |
| " | 25 | Eagle Course, (Trenton) N. J. |
| Oct. | 2 | Liberty, Va. |
| " | 9 | Easton, Md. |
| " | | Washington, D. C. |
| " | | Leonardtown, Md. |

*Monmouth.*—The dam of Monmouth was by *Marshal Davoc*, and not by *Expedition*. This correction has been handed us this moment, from the same source the mistake originated in.

ECLIPSE.—This "*pride of the North*" who will be 20 years old in the ensuing Spring, has come back to his native State, where he will remain during the next season. Col. W. R. Johnson has purchased one half of him from Walter Livingston, Esq. for $4,500, and the gallant Colonel is to have the control of him after next season.

## TWO SIDES TO A JOKE.

A few weeks ago, a stage full of passengers was proceeding from Utica to Schenectady; the travellers were all in good humor with themselves and each other, and had been shut up together just long enough to become sociable. They stopped at a tavern upon the road to take breakfast; washed their faces and hands, brushed off a part of the dust from their garments, and then did all requisite justice to the beefsteaks, fresh butter, eggs, applesauce, and to the anomalous compound which the landlady christened coffee. At table the party was joined by a stranger whom they had just before passed on the road as he was leisurely jogging along on a very respectable nag, with a pair of apparently well-stuffed saddle bags protruding one of its plump pouches on either side. At table the new guest did his own share both of the eating and talking; seemed to have an accurate notion of all the best cuts in the steak, gave his opinion with much frankness upon politics and the potatoes, and appeared to discuss the affairs of the nation and those of the table with equal relish. At length the horn of the driver put an end to the business of mastication; purses and wallets were drawn out, the landlord was made happy, and like the Pilgrim of Bunyan, they went on their way. After riding a few miles, their new friend of the saddle bags cantered up to the side of the stage, and asked if none of the company would exchange conveyances for a while with him; the proposition was readily taken up by one of the party; the horseman dismounted; the passenger clambered into the saddle; its recent occupant took the vacant place in the stage, and away they all trotted once more. Half a mile farther on they came to a turnpike gate, through which the stage passed without comment by virtue of some arrangement with the proprietors; but the horseman had to disburse; and his predecessor seemed to be mightily tickled with his own ingenuity, as he explained to his now fellow passengers with a wink, the trick he had played on their recent companion.

Two or three miles farther on, they came to a cross road, and the complacency of the stranger wag was somewhat put to the rout, when the present possessor of his nag and his saddle bags cantered up to the side of the stage, and gravely informed him that he was much obliged for the loan of the horse, as his journey lay up the road they were just crossing, and he should have had a walk of 5 miles but for the gentleman's kindness. At the same time he gave him his name and address, with an assurance that his nag should be well cared for till he should send for it: and then made the best of his way home, as fast as four legs could conveniently carry him, leaving his new friend somewhat astonished, to mourn over his saved shilling.

## TWENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

We find in the Troy Press, an account of a new fashioned steamboat invented by Mr. Barden who has already, it seems, made for himself a fortune by sundry ingenious contrivances. His project now is to construct a boat that shall run twenty-five miles an hour!! and make the voyage from Albany to New York and back by day light!!

Shade of Archimedes, what a tremendous invention! Blush Rail roads, and hide your diminished heads; your glory is fast departing. Dog, birds, in despair: the work of man's hands will laugh your exertions to scorn. Come upon dry land, fishes, and stranding along as well as you may without fins, feet or flippers; a swifter than you is about to reduce your element into possession, and mock your mightiest speed. Cease blowing, winds; here is a body whose motion is to produce a current of air, more rapid than even your flight.

But let us see how Mr. Barden proposes to bring about this moderate motion. He has constructed, it seems, two trunks which the Troy Press can liken to nothing but two monstrous sea-serpents; and well it may, for they are *three hundred* feet long! They are made of staves, but not hooped together like barrels; the staves are four inches thick, and from thirty to eighty feet long; and they are fastened together with iron rods. These trunks or serpents are to be placed side by side, sixteen feet from each other, and connected by transverse beams, upon which the deck is to be laid, and the machinery placed, while the paddles revolve in the space between. The diameter of the trunks is not stated, but the width of the boat is to be forty feet, and therefore the trunks we suppose will be about twelve feet in thickness. The engine is to be horizontal like that of the Novelty, and the inventor is of opinion that one of a hundred horse power, will be more than sufficient.

If Mr. Burden succeeds in his project, his next contrivance must be something to keep people's hair on their heads while his boat is in motion.—Only imagine a monster three hundred feet long, tearing along down the river at such a tremendous rate! Whew! It puts one into a fever only to think of it.

*A Comparison.*—Short and sweet, like a roasted maggot.

## AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

We have been favored with two accounts of the accident that occurred on the Rail Road last Sunday between Philadelphia and Baltimore. Sheridan says "—yours may be the most circumstantial account,"—but as he is not here to decide between those, we publish both.

### THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

We had a most delightful journey,—every thing was so pleasant,—so gay,—so cheerful, and so rapid,—oh! there certainly is nothing so agreeable as the pleasures of travelling! We rose early on Saturday morning,—though not *quite* early enough,—so that when we arrived at the pier we saw the steam boat had just started off! oh! it was delightful to see how gracefully she left the shore,—leaving us behind on it:—it was so fortunate too, for we had become exceedingly heated with our fast walk from the upper end of the city and if we had been in time to get on board we might have caught cold then, from the sharp air on the water. And besides we had all the enjoyment of *four full hours* to walk up and down the "pier no 1," while waiting for the 10 o'clock line. You can't think how charming it is to have so much leisure time to watch the coming of the boat when you have all your baggage bundles and handboxes hanging about you! All the little truant boys too,—dear little creatures,—collected about us so affectionately,—and stared at us—(darling little souls)—as if they thought we had over-slept ourselves, and were too late for the boat. We saw the Boston and the Albany steamers come in;—both of them a *little* too late for the 6 o'clock line to Philadelphia so we had the pleasure of anticipating the enjoyment of *all* their company. Oh! it was so pleasant to look at them;—they had just been wakened from sleep, and their yawning mouths showed such a variety of pretty teeth, resembling in color and form, the men on a chess board. When we got afloat, the deck was so delightfully crowded, that our agreeable companions kept striking their elbows and umbrellas, right in under my twenty third rib,—oh! they tickled me so,—I thought I should have died! And there was such a number of dear little children:—one clambered over my shoulder to snatch away a mug of milk and sugar from its darling little brother, who would'nt give up the handle—dear little fellow,—till he had spilt all the milk over my frock coat,—oh! he was a charming, brave little boy,—his mother *said* he was,—and the dear boy laughed so heartily too,—it was quite delighted! One fat little girl got rather sea sick,—and it looked so charmingly to see its mama pat it on the back, and to hear her apologies for making Mary's gown in such a horrible mess,—would you believe it! the darling creature had overstuffed itself at breakfast! Mary asked me for a glass of lemonade,—and when I had brought it up from the bar, all the chaps on the deck so facetiously jogged my elbow as I passed them, that it very funnily happened that the last drop was spilt, just as Mary put out her hand to receive the glass.

When we started, we were not aware of the advantage of going by the 10 o'clock line, instead of the 6. Almost every body is fond of riding, and like to have enough for the money. Now the first line goes so fast,—just because there's an opposition to it,—that it gets to Philadelphia in no time,—whereas our 10 o'clock line from being drawn by the jaded horses that had just come in, and having no body to oppose it—took plenty of time and gave us two hours more riding than was agreed upon—for instead of making us stop at 7, as the advertisement threatened, we were allowed to ride till past 9, and they only charged us half a dollar more than by the fast line that gets in so much sooner. When we arrived at Philadelphia it was raining very hard,—and being so late, most of the hotels were full,—so that instead of only going to one I had the pleasure of stopping at 6 or 8 houses, and the driver only charged 50 cents extra for each, though some of them were full fifty yards apart.

At 6, on Sunday we were off for Baltimore. It still rained very fast 'tis true, but then it saved us the fatigue of walking about the decks. After getting on to the rail road, and travelling along about six miles, some of the wheels got tired of the monotony of the rails and ran off on one side. 'Tis true this stopped us some short time, but then it gave us the opportunity of a very agreeable conversation in which every body recounted all the dreadful accidents that had ever been heard of in travelling. You know there's no time so proper to speak of a few broken necks as when one's own is likely to share the same fate. Well, when we had got to the end of 10 miles we were stopped again. Crash—crash—crash—went the cars:—scream,—scream—scream—went the Ladies,—and squawl, squawl,—squawl echoed the children. They really made quite a delightful harmony between them.—Being thrown from my seat into the road, I thought I might as well, while I *was* out, inquire into the cause of this uproar,—and soon found it. It appeared to me that the engineer was a man of taste, and knew that straight lines are always ungraceful.—so on looking back and finding himself followed by a train of cars too regular to be picturesque, he stopped his engine to have some talk with the baggage wagon, which coming up rather fast, shoved the intermediate cars out of the way, so that they formed quite a semi-circle,—till unfortunately they all fell into a big ditch,—when out popt all the inmates, over the doors and windows like so many boys playing at leap frog,—and the only car and passengers that maintained its, and their dignity, was that which contained a large party of exclusives, called on the way bills—Ladies of Color.

This little incident had the effect of making us all become more sociable and intimate, for not wishing to disturb three or four of the cars that were very comfortably resting deep in the ditch, the passengers that belonged to them were quartered on those that could be made moveables, which accordingly became as crowded with saints and sinners as a Camp Meeting. We ultimately reached Baltimore—two hours later than usual—delighted with the beauties of travelling, whose agreeable little incidents had kept me all day as busy as a horse's tail in the Fly season.

## RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.

My dear Friend,—I have met with so many varying accounts of the accident we met with on Sunday while passing over the Rail Road from Newcastle to French town, that for your satisfaction, and better information, I will tell you the real state of the matter. When we had proceeded about five or six miles, the Cars received a sudden check which threw the wheels of two of them just off the rail. These were shortly righted, and an explanation given to the effect that the Engine was both powerful and new, and having *only been used three times*, the guide was not aware that it would reverse so suddenly, till a cow crossing the track caused him to stop, and produced the mischief which had just been remedied. No further harm occurred on this first stoppage, but in defiance of the experience of the past, the guide again, even *more* suddenly reversed the steam, and still more abruptly, when such was the impetus already acquired by the train of cars, that the great weight of the baggage pressing forward, the centre of the train was forced far off the track into a ditch,—every car but one being dragged off the rail, and two of them so damaged that they were untitted for use, and ultimately left behind. That none of us met with any serious hurt is no exculpation of the parties concerned. Nor can any excuse be made for risking the lives of 150 persons, if it be true as stated and believed on the Road, that the whole was under the control of a Fireman only, without any fit engineer being there to direct it. Ignorance of the Engineer's power is no extenuation, and least so when three trains of passengers had already risked their necks in order to give him the necessary practice. Several serious accidents have already occurred on this and other rail roads from cattle crossing the track of the engine when at full speed,—and perfect confidence will never be accorded to this method of travelling until those who profit by it so extensively evince by their endeavors some disposition to mitigate its dangers. Could not some sort of an iron apron be placed in front of the engine, formed something after the fashion of a ploughshare, reaching nearly to the rail and extending a little beyond the wheels? so that having a projection in the centre sloping off beyond the wheels, whatever impediment should chance to be on the road, the form of the apparatus and the power of the engine would effectually remove and throw it on one side or the other beyond the reach of mischief.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

Our readers may remember that about two o three months ago a Col. Haskett undertook to walk 2,000 miles in 70 days, and to subsist all that time on bread and water. We have received the following account of his progress. He reported himself at the Tremont House, Boston, while we were sojourning in that city of good fellowship, stated that his task was one of comparative ease,—and seemed in excellent health.

FALL RIVER.

My dear Sir,—I have delayed writing in consequence of my time in extra walking;—the letters are at my heels every moment, and watch me closely. Next week I will give you an account of Avery and the excitement. Yours sincerely.

HASKETT.

Col. Haskett the pedestrian finished one half his tour on the 2d.—Commencing at Saybrook, then to Essex, Lyme, New London, 3. Norwich, Greenville, Jewett City, Plainfield, Scituate, Providence, Pawtucket, Warren, Barrington, Bristol, Newport, Fort Adams, Warren, Providence, back to Bristol, Newport, to Fall River—by Avery's stack yard—to New Bedford—back to Fall River, Westport to Bedford. Distance performed by the post route, and extra walking between these places 656 miles: less the 1st quarter 67—actual distance in advance at the end of 24 quarter, 87 miles.—" *Certified Copy.*"

The greatest distance in one day was made on the Monday which was the hottest day this summer—45 miles—amount of food this day 13 oz of bread and 3 pints of water.

He will proceed towards Canada and visit Montreal, by the way of Saratoga.

## A SIMILE.

A writer in the American who says that newspapers are his favorite hobby, describes one of the Political prints in the following terms—

"The second, in long, lean and dingy form, comes rushing from the press, charged with concocted wrath for those who differ in opinion, on the assertted machinations of northern men, against slavery in the South. "State Rights" and "sovereign states," are the household words. Mazeppa-like, it rushes on, fanning the flame, and adding fuel to the fire; disowning all evil intent, and yet casting a brand in the midst of combustibles. This hobby is of the Tartar breed—it runs itself to death."

The description may be very correct for any thing we know; but prithee where is the resemblance to Mazeppa? We are aware that at one period of his life he accomplished some *rushing*; not very willingly to be sure; but touching the flame and the fuel, and his connection therewith, History tells us nothing.

"WE ASK FOR INFORMATION." We have received the following letter, which we publish for the benefit of our brother editors, and if they can enlighten us on this subject, we shall be much obliged to them. We once thought that *Exchange papers* were not liable to *postage*. This it seems is an error, as the Post Office Department has decided that *Exchange papers*, directed to the British Colonies, must be detained on the frontiers, if the *postage is not paid*. This declaration reflects much honor on the wisdom of our Post Master General and his Deputies.

*Highgate, Vt. Sept.* 3, 1833.

DEAR SIR:—

Owing to the refusal of the British Canadian Post Office Deputy to collect, or be accountable to the U. S. Post Office Deputy, for the U. S. postage on *newspapers*, sent by mail into the British Provinces, instructions have been given to this and other offices to acquaint Publishers of newspapers with the fact, and notify them that *postage* must be paid within the United States. Otherwise their papers would be detained at the frontier office thro' which they were transmitted. In answer to enquiry, the Deputy informs me that *Exchange papers* are included in the above. Your paper directed "Gazette, Montreal," comes through this office, and if not *paid* will accordingly be detained.

Respectfully,

M. KYES, P. M.

JOHN H. SLEEPER, Esq. Lowell, Mass.

Many thanks to the Lowell Journal for the above paragraph. It is the fashion to grumble and scold at the government generally, and each of its departments particularly, upon all proper and improper occasions; and we have long been wanting a hook, no matter how small, to hang something in the shape of a grumble upon. To be sure, we only exchange with three papers in Canada, and our disbursement for postage on this account is therefore only three cents a week; but what of that? Three cents a week is enough to kick up a disturbance about, and so here we go. Post Office Department, what do you mean? Fire and Fury, how dare you compel us to pay postage on our exchange papers!

[From the Schenectady Whig.]

We stated a week or two since, that a Mr. Nixon had got bills printed at our office which he neglected to pay for. Since then we have received a letter from Mr. N. enclosing us the money for the bills, and giving his reason, [which he states to be dire necessity,] for not paying for them at the time. We deem it no more than justice to him to state this fact, and to say that his letter and reason are satisfactory. The printers who copied our first notice respecting Mr. Nixon, will please copy this.

MR. BARRY, the new manager seems to have taken the hearts of the Bostonians by a *coup-de-main*. The Morning Post of Tuesday says that he is going on swimmingly; that he is a clever fellow and takes well. We hope that he takes in plenty of dollars, among the rest of his takings.

*Flute Instruction.*—My. Kyle of the Park Theatre has retired from public playing, to private teaching. All who have attended the theatre during the last three years have heard, and admired his taste and execution, and not a few of our best amateur flutists owe their knowledge and skill to the instructions received from him. Uniting the manners of a gentleman, to the science of a musician, there is as little doubt of his obtaining pupils as of his giving entire satisfaction to them when procured. His residence is No. 50 Vesey st.

*Curious Error.*—A Boston paper gives an account of a school master and his discipline in the following words:—"he has had aside Murray's 'Exercises' and placed the Acts of the last Legislature of Mississippi in the hands of his pupils, for the purpose of *lash* and *ting* them in the art of throwing bad *Englis*trucked grammar into pupils." To turn the above into English, we must transpose the italicized words, by adding *lish* to *Eng* and *ting* to *instruc*. This is one of those squabbles which printers alone know how to appreciate and enjoy.

For the Traveller and Times.

## WATER,

*An Ode, Dedicated to the Temperance Society.*

"Water is the best of elements."—PINDAR.

Well sung, and truly, thou old "bird of Jove,"
A proverb last thou wove, for all good people:
Arthur and I around the world might rove,
From high Acropolis to St. Paul's steeple,
Nor find such well epitomised sobriety,
To paint upon the flag of our society.

"Hoc signo vinces," H***, unfurl the banner;
Let it flaunt up and flout the gin-swoln clouds;
Shout now, a long, and clear, and bold Hosannah,
And herald life to the pale, Styx-like crowds
Of "Five-points" wretches, dying! by the Mass!
Of "th' best of liquors, at three cents per glass!"

Not death, but life our bloodless triumphs yield,
Crowned with the joy of souls redeemed from slavery;
But could we tempt th' old jailor to the field,
There were a desperate fight for brother A—.
Gods! how he'd stamp his heel into his head,
And crush, even when the monster was stone dead:

The dragon thief, that steals away men's brains:—
Good Lot first cursed him, and vine-dresser Noah:
The brothel's god, e'er since, confessed he reigns,
Leading the nightly Bacchanmalian roar.
Dread devil! hear him chuckling at the banquet,
Say, wilt thou not a single gentleman quit?

"The glasses sparkle on the board," and song
And merry joke, and jest they wanton banter;—
And he is there. See, see him push along
With busy speed, the just refilled decanter:
"Drink, drink boys, drink, and drown grim Care,
And Sorrow,
"Be drunk to night, and sober on the morrow."

The clock strikes three: The gentle breath of morning
Fans the hot cheek of a zig-zag street walker:
Why is that mud his spattered coat adorning?
What dialect affects our late glib talker?
Strange! vest unbuttoned—pockets turned outside—
Hat pyramidical—soiled cravat untied!

These be thy half cooked dinners, old Constrictor,
Thy victims, ready buttered with saliva,
Soon to be mashed and munched, as in the picture
Of fated Laocoon—pained, fruitless striver:
Have pity! wretch! Gloat not so on thy ration,
Or moderate, at least, thy tight *squassation*.

O, for the early days, that knew not art!
When, at the well, Bethuel's gentle daughter
Confessed her love, and pledged her virgin heart,
In a pure bowl of dimpling-cold spring water.
"Drink, drink my Lord," the maiden to the camel-driver said,
But not a drop she gave him that could get into his head.

And thou, Castalia, where is now thy fount,
Whose chrystal, erst, threw back young Poets' faces,—
Up, on the top of the Parnassian mount,—
The Muses' home, the loved haunt of the Graces!
Is't true that Adrian filled thee up with stones?
The drunken Vandal! Curses on his bones!

Home of my fathers! can I e'er forget
The pearly gem, set in thy sloping hill?
The heated willows bending down, to wet
Their fanning branches in the pebbled rill?
The swallow, o'er the mirror skimming—dipping—
And now and then a stray mosquito nipping?

Oh water, wave, spring, rivulet, well, stream!
When art thou most the idol of my praise?
Still art thou Castaly.—In south, I deem
Even W——— might a decent stanza raise,
Inspired by thee:—yes, yes:—I'll wage a ducat,—
Even he might feel the God, and sing some rotten bucket.

The diamond, dripping from the brimming bowl,
The clear, deep streamlet, kissing its green sides,
The swelling river's proud and lordly roll,
Old ocean's bosom, and his rushing tides,
Rich sources are of holy contemplation;—
Diviner, boasted not the famed old Roman nation.

Come: enter this green lane: the sun is hot:—
Here shielded, thank the closely dove-tailed trees:
Stoop, stoop, and drink—this is Egeria's grot:
Fall, man, upon thy bended hands, and knees,
And cool thy lip, and bless this happy minute—
Stay—wilt thou have "a little Brandy" in it?

No! poison not the wholesome living streams,
Nor turn their waves, into the dead Red Sea;
I'utrid with Pharaoh's army: where, it seems,
No bird may live, nor shrub or flower be:—
Where the chance pilgrim, thinks it providential,
If he survive the brazen sky, and simoon pestilential.

Oblivious are years, since Bacchus, flushed
With Chian, urged the lion-mated Tiger,
Impetuous; and on to triumph rushed,
From farthest Ind, to heavy rolling Niger:
With syren music, madness, thyrsus, cymbal,
Satyr and Faun, Silenus, Pan, and vine wreathed pipe and timbrel,

A drunken multitude. But times are changed:
The insolent God here claims no sacred shrines;
Save, where by grateful Aldermen, are ranged
Long promised shambles, to retail "high wines."
O! provident regard to cheap fruition!
*Eruptions* staggering, thanks ye for the licensed imbibition.

Save, that in yonder secret Alms-house cellar,
Fine rusty key, turns seldom, on that rare
Old private stock—from Lynch's—soft, and mellow,—
(——can tell how long it ripened there.—
The rest of us all sip our thin Burgundy,
Abuse the boobies, and preach reform, the coming annus mundi.

*A New Walk in Literature.*—"Two prisoners in Lancaster Castle have been some time in the habit of receiving newspapers; they introduce them into the chapel, and *read them while on the treadwheel*. This novel plan of combining mental instruction with mill labor is to be brought under the notice of the magistrates at the annual session, 'with a view to consider the propriety of discontinuing the custom.'"

The above paragraph shows us the laudable zeal for mental improvement which is manifested by the Lancaster prisoners, and certainly presents a remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; indeed their could scarcely be a better device to keep the men to their labor; for should they relax for a moment in their pace, they will soon be attracted to a renewal of their serious by a desire to get to the end of some interesting paragraph. The newspaper in front will be a more powerful incentive to them to keep moving than the overseer's cane behind; and with a ministerial journal before them, it is impossible they should for a moment forget, that, as the wheel turns, they must accommodate their movements—*Lon don Magazine.*

*Pears and Reapers.*—By the recent mercantile failures in India, several families, living hitherto in the highest opulence, have been reduced to comparative destitution. Notwithstanding this, a certain Oriental, famed for fun, although a severe sufferer, kept up his spirits for joking. A friend the other day remarking, "that the present fine weather would bring all the peas in," was answered by the *ci devant* Nabob, with a shake of the head, "No, Colonel, not all the peas—I am afraid it would brang in the *rupees*."—*London Paper.*

Why is learning to conjugate a verb, like dreadfully hard work? Because its *tenses* labor.

## NEW BOOKS.

The Press has been uncommonly fertile during the week. Our table has been unconfortably littered with books, and our brains are somewh

## THE DRAMA.

Saturday 7th Sept.—*Rip Van Winkle—Kentuckian—and the Secret.* This was the second appearance of Mr. Hackett, and a very good house assembled to witness it. As he played in both these pieces on Wednesday there was nothing new to remark upon. His reception was warm and hearty. The lively, and agreeable Farce of the "Secret" followed, and Mr. Mason made the little part of Dupuis very entertaining and pleasant, and Mrs. Sharpe was quite as excellent in his jealous "cara sposa." Mr. Placide's Thomas though but a trifling effort for one capable of so much, was quite a picture as his dry, quaint manner contrasted with the lively manner of those we have named.

Monday, 9th.—*Cinderella—and Chimney Piece.*

Many years have elapsed since a more excited crowd filled the Park Theatre than that which assembled on Monday evening to witness the debut of Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

The high reputation which Mrs. Wood has for many years enjoyed, and to which every one of them has added something created an expectation in her auditors which nothing short of her unequalled attainments could by possibility have realized.—This anticipation has been fulfilled,—her reputation fully sustained,—and her laden brow decorated with another fresh and triumphant laurel.

Her full toned soprano voice, possesses a volume and a richness of sound, as powerful as it is sweet: while its perfect flexibility, and apparent submission even to the very action of her thoughts, can produce at will the deep rich tone of the full mouthed bell, or the delicate warblings of the bulbul's throat. Her taste is exquisite, and her expression thrilling. United to such powers as Nature seems to have bestowed in her most lavish mood, she has the knowledge and the practice of the best schools of music. She has equally triumphed as the prima Donna of the Italian Opera,—the only fit utterer of the inspirations of Handel,—and as the acknowledged leader of the Ballad Operas of England. She evidently suffered greatly by the excitement of appearing for the first time in a New World before an audience fully competent to judge of her powers, and filled with the most hazardous anticipations of them. But when the full tide of her glorious voice burst forth like enchantment in the finale of Cinderella it was scarcely possible to say which was the most excited,—the overwrought audience, or the almost inspired singer. It is very rarely that such a flexible and mellow soprano,—reaching with facility to C in alt, should be so rich and full in the lower tones,—and Mrs. Wood's voice, embracing a range of at least two octaves and a half—has the very singular property of being *quite equal* throughout. Mr. Wood's voice is a high tenor,—of much sweetness, and occasionally of great power,—but being at present under the effect of illness, his capabilities have not been fairly exhibited:—sufficient however has been heard to create a singularly favorable opinion,—for from the little that was expected of him, his powers so far exceeding what was looked for, have filled all voices with his praise. Nor is it only in their musical capacities that Mr. and Mrs. Wood both, challenge our admiration,—for they are the first vocalists of the English School that could ever claim the merit of being excellent actors. This unusual attribute not only adds greatly to the dramatic portions of their Operas, but imparts an expression and force to their singing, that gives a double lustre to their skill. In lieu of introducing the "Tyrolienne" in the ball room scene, Mrs. Wood with much grace, [as well as good taste] restored the original dance and waltzes with the grace of a Sylph.—Every one connected with the opera strove to mark the interest they took in the occasion. The ladies—Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Vernon—rivalled each other in new and elegant dresses,—and the gentlemen in striving to outdo their usual excellence in this well played opera.

Tuesday—*Perfection—Anatomist*—and *Petticoat Government.* The opera of the Barber of Seville was announced for this evening,—but in the course of the day the indisposition of Mrs. Wood became greater, and the severely relaxed throat which had materially affected Mr. Wood on Monday, became so much worse, that a physician was called in to attend them, and he forbade their going out. The farce of the Anatomist was consequently substituted as the middle piece, and the places and tickets transferred to Mr. Wood's next night.

Wednesday. *Henry the Fourth,—and the Kentuckian.* Mr. Hackett appeared this evening as the fat Knight,—but we cannot compliment him much upon the acting of it. Sir John Falstaff is not only fat in person,—his wit is fat, rich and racy, and the voice in which his merry conceits are uttered wants the fat, full chuckle quite as decidedly as his body requires the customary corpulence. Mr. Hackett read it sensibly, but in too much haste: his jokes appeared ready cut and dried for the occasion, and were uttered almost before the words to which they were replies:—while the ejaculatory style of his soliloquies, lost their character by having their broken sentences all jumbled together. His best point, we thought was the "catechism on honor,"—this was extremely well given,—strongly marked,—and well digested,—while its colloquial style was admirably preserved.

Some of the subordinates of the scene sadly wanted drilling. Sir Walter Blunt should have learned to fence before he went to fight:—"the Douglass" had no honor in slaying one whose sword would have missed a hay stack, although its straws were near enough to tickle his nose.

Thursday.—*Secret—Barber of Seville*—and *Bold Dragoons.*

Mrs. Wood was sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to appear this evening as Rosina in the Barber of Seville. The house was crowded with the beauty, taste, and fashion of the city and every effort of the syren who had lured them there, was hailed with rapture and delight. The splendid bravura "Tyrant soon I'll burst thy chain," was a most triumphant effort;—the exquisite brilliance of her cadences,—and that glorious full voice in which she uttered "her native Wood notes" had an electric effect on the entire audience.

One of the finest pieces of singing in the whole Opera was her slow movement of the first finale "Cold and immoveable." We never heard it so exquisitely sung. The song of "an old man would be wooing" called forth the most tumultuous encore. No one but those who have heard Mrs. Wood sing it, can imagine what this song is capable of, both in effect and in expression,—indeed her whole style of articulating her words and notes is the best rebuke to those sapient disciples of fashion who have decreed that no language or music is fit to be heard, but Italian!

We can but imagine the solemn foolery of one of these arch critics—("some grand Maestro, who *knows Pasta*")—seriously assuring such an artist, we'll say, as Mrs. Wood,—that he, forsooth, is the great musical oracle of New York, and that without his approval she cannot "get along,—no how," and requesting a "taste of her quality" that he may tell his purblind followers just how loudly they may applaud.

Mr Wood played the Count, and though evidently still laboring under illness, sang with much taste and expression. But his acting was such as would have become the oldest veteran on the boards,—and we much doubt if Almaviva was ever so well acted before. Mr. Placide was the Dr. Bartolo and rendered it every justice.—Mr. Reynolds on sang Figaro's first song extremely well—the rapid passages were given clearly and articulately. We have seen Bazil played much better by the same gentleman who played it then, but we never saw Fiorello half so bad. The manager is to blame for removing Mr. Metz from the orchestra, but when he is on the stage, there is no excuse for singing the music incorrectly,—while in his absence one of the first violins spoiled one of the most brilliant passages of the Overture.

### PADDY CALLAGHAN AND HIS PIG TOBEY.

*Concluded.*

Father Maguire who was mixing his third tumbler at the time, was in any thing but the best humor in the world to see company. The fact is, the whiskey was weak, and the sugar was sandy, and Brian O'Flann had forgot to send the couple of rabbits and the gammon of bacon he promised, and in short the whole world was going wrong with him: so, as may be expected, the look with which he regarded the intrusion of the lovers, was as crabbed and as sour as the half squeezed lemon he held in his hand.

"What is it brings yees disthurbin your clargy at this unlawful hour of the night? and he takin soune physic to cure the cowld he got at your husband's funeral? hem—hem a-hem—hem.

"Plase your Ravirince," says Neddy, "me and Norah here, have been puttin our heads together in regard to her destitute stivation,—and so if your worship has no objection—that is if it shutes your honor's condescension, we'd—we'd—there now Norah alana, tell his Ravirince the rest—for the word of it has stuck in my throat."

"Neddy Delany" says the priest gruffly, "will you not be talkin to me in hog latin, but if you have any thing to say, out with it at once in the King's English."

"Why your honor's worship" says Norah, simpering, "the truth is I felt very lonely in the cabin at home, and as Neddy here put the question to me I had'nt the heart to refuse him, and so your ravirince we come to get married."

"Married," ejaculated Father Maguire blessing himself—"Married you say?—Why ye Turks—ye heathens—ye common rapscallions—thieves and Brunswickers: do yee's want to sell body and sowl to the divil, accordin to law?—Out of my sight this minute or I'll have yees excommunicated by 'bell-book and candlelight,' and your ill lookin names stuck up on a show-board in every chapel in Christendom."

"if your Ravirince would let me spake five minutes in private with you," says Norah, "I think I could prove that wee're not altogether so much to blame as your honor imagines."

Thus saying over she goes and whispers something in the priest's ear. At first his brow was as black as a landlady's in the act of chalking up a hopeless reckoning;—then it brightened up a little—next he even condescended to smile—fourthly he began to chuckle and lick his lips—and at last jumping up in an extacy, and seizing Norah's hand, he exclaimed—"well child, I believe you're in the right of iher all; for from what you *just towld me*, it must be hard enough to manage without some decent body to look after the property. Come here, Neddy you blackguard, until I make a man of you, but mind avic, if you dont pay bether attention to your duty than formerly, I'll never forgive your ingratitude the longest day of my life." Neddy of course made a host of promises, so Father Maguire pull'd out his book, and in less than the fraction of no time at all, Norah Callaghan and Mrs. Delany were one and the same person.

All this while Paddy was attending the sister, who at last, out of charity, died one night; so after burying her decently—he steered for home, "heart broken with sorrow and the weight of the hundred and fifty bright *gowld* guineas he had rowled up in the foot of an ould stockin."

It was more than midnight when he arrived at the house, and knocked at the door.

"Who the divil is that?" says the tailor popping his head out of the window.

"Why you impudent vagabond who the divil should it be but myself?" replied Paddy.

"Then the sooner you take yourself out of that" says the tailor, "the sooner you'll be out of harm's way and this bucket of wather," and the word was hardly out of his mouth, when sure enough, Paddy felt clearly that he meant what he said, for at the same moment he found himself heels over head on the pavement, and all but smothered in a torrent of suds.

"Saint Bridget, and Saint Martha! defind us,"—he cried,—"what can be the mainin of all this?—it must be dhrunk and mad they are! At all events I'll not risk my money in a row, and so, wishin a sweet and speedy bad luck to the whole of thim, I'll even go take up a night's lodgin with my pig Toby." Now Paddy Callaghan's pig Toby was the fattest pig to be found in five baronies, and as Norah well knew that his "Ravirince" was very partial to a bit of good bacon, it is more than suspected that something connected with the transfer of master Toby had happened between them during the whisper on the night of the wedding; which may partly account for the priest's smiling, and licking his lips. Now, of all other nights in year, the night Paddy came home was the one appointed by his worship to send for the pig: so, no sooner had he fallen into a dose than Corney Toole, the priest's boy, crept into the sty, and began to tie a *suggawn* of straw about his leg. Paddy, feeling something squeezing him, gave a kick that struck the pig in the ribs, and set it grunting; "sing away my boy while you have time" says Corney,—"for you'd soon be quiet enough *in* Father Maguire's scaldin tub."

"The divil I will" exclaimed Paddy jumping up and making a clip at the boy that sent him six yards on his way home again. By and by Corney rushed into the priest's parlor with his hair standing as stiff as Tobey's bristles, and himself puling and blowing like any sea pig of them all.

"*Tyeaounouty*, what ails you man" says his worship, "and where's the pig?"

"'Tis the divil your Ravirince must surely main, and not the pig" says Corney; "for as three as I'm a livin man it had a pair of small clothes on, and the very moment I touched it, it jumped up—turned itself into a man—broke every bone in my body with an iron cudgel and chased me up the road on a flash of blue fire in the shape of Paddy Callaghan's ghost."

Now Father Maguire had a firm belief of his own in the potency of spirits, whether incorporate or distilled; but for all that he did'nt like to lose a fat pig on the strength of one or the other for he was partly suspicious that the only spirit that Corney had come across in his travels, was one of a certain John Barleycorn that died last harvest, and whose best blood was sold by the widow Kinshela at a penny farthing a glass. Having settled this to his satisfaction he was determined to go and drive home the pig himself. Arrived at the sty, he peeped in, but could see nothing barring the darkness, and hear nothing but an unghostly medley of snoring and grunting. "Pon my sowkins, Corney, I believe you're about half right" he muttered still groping around, till he stumbled over something on the floor.

"Ugh—ugh," says the pig.

"He-haw, he-haw," says Paddy.

"Saint Winifred, and the blessed Saint Kavanagh, stand up for us this night," exclaims his Reverence, "and give me strength to lay you, whatever you are, seven fathoms deep under the red say."

"A word and a blow to that you ould thief," shouted Paddy, springing up; but the priest, being in too great a hurry to wait for either one or the other, set off at full speed for the glebe, hot foot on the heels of Corney. From thence the news spread like wild-fire. His worship told the story—Corney swore to it, and the only material point on which they differed was, that the former affirmed that Paddy appeared in the shape of a wild boar: while the latter swore till he was black in the face, that he came as himself, and "more betoken that he had followed them for more than a mile over the bog a horse-back on his pig Toby."

Paddy got up in the morning, and after shaking himself, again knocked at the door, which on this occasion was opened by his mother-in-law; but no sooner did she clap an eye on him than she gave a shriek that might have bothered a miller, tumbled backwards heels over head, broke the spinning wheel, and upset a churn of butter-milk.

"Be off Paddy, aroon," she cries, "be off, jewel, and don't be afther frighting a poor lone woman out of her wits, and I'll have seven masses said for the repose of your unhappy sowl betune this and christmas."

"Why, mother, is it for the divil or something worse you take me? and what has come over yees, at all at all, since I left yees, and where's Norah and the childer?"

"Why, where should they be but along with the neighbors at the chapel yonder, helpin Father Maguire to lay your ghost on the top of Cunnemara mountain."

This was enough for Paddy; so off he set for the chapel; but before he got half way he saw two of the town boys walking before him. "Jack Moran and Tim Bradley," says he, "wont yees wait till I come up?" "O! by this, and by that," cries Tim, throwing an eye over his shoulder, "here's the ghost in arnest, and if all the saints in heaven dont stand betune us and harm, we're lost for ever."—Thus saying, away he and Jack bounced as if they had been fired out of a twelve pounder—"Let every mother's sowl of yees look out for themselves," they exclaimed, rushing into the chapel, "for here's Paddy's ghost, as big as a church steeple, foaming and tearing down the road like a mad bull."

Then it was that every one's conscience began to give him a nudge. "O 'tis for me, he's comin" cries Mrs. Kinshala of the "Red Lion," for scorin down the two extra noggins to him at the last sittiemint."

"No no," says the joiner "'tis for my own four bones for selling him a red dail, for an oak coffin.

"Maybe so," says little Mat Darcy, but for all that, I wish the divil had me the day I help'd to rob his hen house, or to hunt his cat into the horsepond."

"But what am I to do in regard of stailin Norah and the childer?" sobs the tailor.

And I "says his Reverence" "touching Corney and the pig, bad luck to the pair of them." In short, all were priding themselves on being the cause of the ghost's visit, when Paddy himself stood before them.

Hullabaloo—fire and murther—who shall describe the scene that followed, and the wild and unearthly screech that rose on the wind, and, according to tradition tore some of the slates from the roof of the chapel in its way out. At last their voices were expended, and all that the sublimity of terror had left of themselves was huddled about his worship, as closely as if they had been wedged in with an iron mallet.

"Spirit of wondher, and shape of terror, that comes here in the ghostly form of a man," exclaimed Father Maguire at the pitch of his voice, and crossing himself, "hearken to the words of your clargy and obey thim."

Paddy gazed at him in utter astonishment, and even turn'd white in the face.

This encouraged the priest, who proceeded.

"I see that you thrimble from the foundation of the bottomless pit at the words of my power, which proves to me that you are unworthy to be laid in christan burial ground, and accordingly I charge you by the vartue of bell, book, and candle to leave my blessed sight this minute, and never cry crack till you find yourself quietly in the centre of Connemara hill with twenty tons of the mountain a top of you."

"O your worship's glory, and what's all that for!" blubbers Pat dropping on his knees "I'm shure and sartin I never done you or yours any harm in the whole course of my life."

This humility added to the Father's rigor. "Why you deceiver of the world, and you chief tithe proctor of Belzebub, didn't you die? and wasn't you buried six feet deep in an oak,—I mean in a dail coffin, (scowling at the joiner) and is'nt your unhappy ghost frightnin every body out of their seven senses? and isn't it only right and nathural that I, Father Maguire, Parish Priest of Rothboy, should excommunicate you, sowl and body, for ever and a day." "Beggin your honors pardon, who of course knows best about these matters, for darin to contradict you, but on the word of an honest man I asshure your Ravirence that I was never dead, buried, nor a ghost in the whole course of my life."

O! Sweet Saint Winifred only hear him! Why you inventher of sin, and grandfather of Lucifer, didn't I see you myself, and more betoken was'nt me and Corney chased by you in the shape of your pig Tobey?

"No masther dear but only a horse-back on him," says Corney.

"Och! bad luck to my stupidity," exclaims Pat rising, "for which I humbly beg ten thousand pardons! for I'm shure if I knew it was your Ravarince was there I'd not only have given you the pig and a "*cead mila failtha*," but dhriven it home for you into the bargain!"

"Faix," says the priest looking more mildly at Paddy, I feel myself beginnin to think that he spaks too raisonable for a ghost afther all, and that we have been imposed upon by some other schoundirel that died to vex him:—but say Paddy, avic, if you're a thrue man, and no ghosist,—what kept you so long away from your people? more especially from attending mass?"

With this Paddy up and told the whole story "and so your Ravirince" says he in conclusion, "here I am safe and sound with a hundred and fifty bright gowld guineas in my pocket."

"An hundred and fifty guineas," says Judy, rushing forward, "Och musha every bad luck to the day I ever clapp'd an eye on that ill looking thief of a tailor."

The neighbors now all gathered about Paddy to welcome him back, and an explanation was entered into, in which, of course, it soon became very manifest that it must have been the ghost of the fellow that was buried in mistake, who had caused all this trouble, and chased Corney and his Reverence away from the pig-sty. Paddy at first, it is said, was a little petrified and obstropelous when he heard of Norah's inconstancy, but it was soon settled to his satisfaction, that the evil one had a hand in the business, and how the divil could a poor lone woman resist the temptation of a blackguard in his offer of a man, when every body knew that he had deceived the best and wisest woman that ever lived, with the gift of an apple?" The blessed blade of straw was now broken between Norah and the tailor which separated them as effectually, as if they were divided by act of parliament—the whole congregation retired to the "Red Lion," and made a merry day of it on the strength of some of the hundred and fifty guineas, and to finish our story Paddy Callaghan in the gratitude of his heart for the safe preservation of Norah from the "murtherin ghost of his second self, made his Reverence Father Maguire, a free gift of his pig Tobey.

### ENORMOUS TREE.

A Sycamore Tree of most singular and extraordinary size has been brought to this city from the western part of the state. The interior is hollowed out and will comfortably accommodate some forty or fifty persons. It is splendidly furnished as a sitting room,—and contains every article of elegance or usefulness. It has a handsome piano,—sofas, glasses and mirrors of a fit and becoming style,—is decorated with pictures and fancy articles, and will be open this evening to the inspection of a selected, and invited party. On Monday evening it will be thrown open to public view in the Saloon of the American Museum, when several Ladies Schools will pour forth their pretty little tenants of the play ground, to witness this huge tenant of the woods.

### LATE FROM LONDON.

The British Packet for August, has arrived at Boston via Halifax, bringing London papers of the evening of 8th August. The Boston papers contain a few items of intelligence which we transcribe.

ENGLAND.—Sir John Key has resigned his office of Lord Mayor of London. The election takes place on Monday; Mr. Francis Kemble is the only candidate at present.

The Princess Victoria has had a narrow escape for her life. She was on board a tender to the Royal George yacht, accompanied by the Dutchess of Kent, when the tender ran foul of a hulk; the shock was so great, that the mainmast of the vessel was sprung in two places, and her sail and gaff precipitated on deck, where the Duchess and young Princess were standing. The master of the tender caught up the latter in his arms and saved her from injury.

In the House of Commons, on the night of the 7th, the Slavery Abolition Bill was read a third time and passed. Parliament was expected to get through business about the 20th.

In the House of Commons, Lord Althorp held out a hope, that the progress of reductions in the expenditures would enable the Government to remove the inhabited house tax.

PORTUGAL.—Don Pedro and suite arrived at Lisbon from Oporto, in the steamer William the IVth, on Sunday, 28th July, at noon. He was received with great enthusiasm. When Admiral Napier went on board the steamer to pay his respects, the Emperor assisted him up the vessel's side and embraced him. They had not met before since the battle of St. Vincent. The city rang with shouts of Viva Donna Maria; Viva Don Pedro! Lisbon wore an animated appearance, and the change of government was generally hailed as a blessing. Don Miguel was supposed to be with the army in the north, and active measures were in train to expel him from the country. Lisbon had been illuminated every night since it was taken possession of by the Duke of Terceira.

The Sun states that the British and French Cabinets have formally signified to the representative of Don Pedro in this country, their wish for the Ex-Emperor to withdraw all pretentions to the Regency, in favor of one of the aunts of Donna Maria; and that instructions have been sent to Lisbon to a distinguished personage to press such an arrangement, and to secure for it the approbation of the Duke of Palmella.

*The Poles.*—The Emperor Nicholas has issued two decrees, which must excite the indignation of the world. The first is a decree rendering political offences amenable to courts-martial, in contravention of the tyrant's 'organic statue,' of the 22d February 1832, promising a special law for offences against the state. The second is possibly as strong an act of tyranny as was ever carried into execution in any age or country, however fierce the aspect of the ruling sway—being an official order to punish the teachers and youth of Poland for studying their native language and history. In one word, a semi-barbarous people, with the grossest injustice, subject a comparatively enlightened one, and coolly decree the utter destruction of their annals, literature, and language. The students who have been studying their native language and history, are to be sent off to the armies!

### PIGTAILS AND POLITICS.

From a Correspondent.

At the counter-revolution of Naples in 1799, which was chiefly effected by the brigands of Calabria and the lazaroni of the capital, headed by a cardinal, the French republican army was expelled the kingdom, and sanguinary vengeance taken on all Neapolitans guilty or suspected of republicanism or jacobinism. For several days the partisans of royalty, or, as they called themselves, the *Santafedista* (Men of the Faith) took the business of vengeance in their own hands, and performed it in a very summary manner. Their way of deciding as to a man's politics was the most simple imaginable. They merely examined whether he had a queue or pigtail, which was pretty generally worn by the old-fashioned people of the country, before the coming of the French; if he had that appendage he was suffered to pass on as a faithful subject to his majesty and a good Catholic, but if he had it not he was declared to be a jacobin—a foe to the king and the faith—and then wo unto him! It was in vain for him to protest that he was a peaceful and devout subject of his majesty, Ferdinand. The index of loyalty and religion, the pigtail, was not there, and he met the death of a rebel and traitor.

After those days of trouble the pigtail, as in all the rest of Europe, went quite out of fashion in Naples, even among *old*-fashioned people. It was, in short, only seen here and there at a *Baccia-mano*, or court circle, on the shoulders of Don Peppino Minutoli and a few other ancients, who had an invincible attachment to all old usages, and protruding from the broad-brimmed hat of King Ferdinand himself, who cherished it with especial care. Several old Neapolitans, however, still wore the tail in secret, snugly concealed within their high coat collar. Some, I believe, did this from an attachment to the index of loyalty, but others from prudential motives, if I may judge from what I once heard from the old Duke ——, who not only wore one himself, but made his son, a youth of nineteen, do the same. "There's no knowing what may happen! In the ninety nine I saw many a man's life saved by a *codino*," said he to me, as I was wondering at the discovery that an elegantly dressed young man should wear a secret pigtail.

At last even the King cut off his tail! It was during some slight indisposition, in the summer of 1818, which affected his head, that his physicians with great difficulty induced him to sacrifice it. I never shall forget the sensation created by the news of this great event. I was at the opera of San Carlos when the Prince di ——, one of his chamberlains, arrived fresh from the palace with the intelligence. "*Il re sa tagliato il codino*" (the King has cut off his pigtail,) said he. "*Il re sa tagliato il codino*" was whispered from box to box, and gradually the murmur was heard all over the theatre. People stared at each other in astonishment. Scarcely any thing else was talked of for the rest of that evening, nor indeed for a day or two after. A caustic old gentleman, who was in the box where I happened to be when the news first arrived, said, "If his Majesty had cut off his tail twenty years ago, perhaps my brother might have escaped being murdered as a jacobin for having none!"

From the N. Y. Gazette.

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Several years since there lived in a neighboring city, two gentlemen of one of the twelve tribes of Israel. Wallack was a dealer in military goods, and Benjamin a trafficker in lace. The latter had been chosen a military officer, and proceeded to the store of the former, to purchase equipments for his person, according to law in such case made and provided. On payment of his bill, Wallack took out his pocket book to return change. As it lay open on the desk, Benjamin perceived that it contained a lottery ticket, the numbers whereon inscribed he did not fail carefully to notice. On his return he stepped into a lottery office, and to his surprise learnt that those numbers had just come up a prize of $10,000. Before the close of the same day, he visited the armory a second time for the purchase of articles which he had previously forgotten. Payment was again tendered, the pocket book again opened, and the prize a second time exhibited to view. "Ah! Monsieur Vallack, vot you got there, you ticket in the lottery! I meant to buy one, but forgot. I shall be too happy to take yours and give de price." "No, no, Mons. Benjamin, I cannot tell how much he draw." "How much it cost!" "Ten dollars." "I give you fifteen."—"No," "I give you twenty—I have set my heart on buying one ticket in this lottery, but I forgot." "No, dat would be too much sacrifice; may be it draw more money, and I should look like fool."—"I give fifty." "No—I will sell this ticket for one hundred dollar bill, Boston Bank. I will not take cent less. "Oh, (with a deep sigh,) I am too sorry I did not buy one ticket in the lottery. But I must have it." Benjamin with great reluctance drew the hundred dollar note from his wallet, and received the ticket in exchange. When it was fairly pocketed, Benjamin clapped the other on the shoulder, and with a sly wink, said, "Ah, hah, Mons. Vallack, I have got you now, dis ticket is just draw ten thousand dollar!" Wallack returned the slap, and replied, "Not quite, Mons. Benjamin—look at de clash, look at de clash, my dear!" The ticket was a blank of the preceding class of the same lottery.

*Forgeries.*—A series of forgeries occurred on Monday in Philadelphia which has caused a great excitement in the city, from the success of the fraud and the large sums secured by the scoundrel. Three checks were presented to different Banks in the course of the morning: one to the Commercial Bank, purporting to be drawn by James Musgrave, broker, for $1,920; two others on the Philadelphia and Farmers and Mechanics' Banks, purporting to be drawn by Mr. Parke, broker, amounting to $9,000, all of which were paid.

It is thought the checks were presented by the same individual, who is described as about five feet eight or nine inches in height, of dark complexion, and genteelly dressed. He afterwards went to the United States Bank, where he exchanged a greater part of the money for notes of $1,000 on that bank.

Suspicion is directed to a particular quarter, and it is probable that the villain will not long elude the vigilance of the police. A reward of $1,000 is offered for the detection of the swindler and the recovery of the money.

## Married,

On Friday morning, by the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Mr. Wm. L. Branch to Miss Catharine T. Baker, both of Providence, R. I.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Wm. Ware, Mr. Thomas W. Langdon to Mrs. Jane Ross.

In New York, by the Rev. Dr. Brownlee, Mr. Amos Wilcox, of New Jersey, to Mrs. Eliza, Eldarce, daughter of John Neile, of New York.

On Thursday morning by the Rev. Erskine Mason, George P. Shipman to Louisa, daughter of Capt. Samuel Jacks, all of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, Mr. Elijah Clark, formerly of Boston, to Miss Frances P., daughter of Elihu Butler.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Addison Hill, of this city, to Miss Mary C., daughter of the late Mr. William Savin, of Cecil county, Maryland.

On Thursday morning, in St. John's church, by the Rev. Mr. Berrian, James Quackenbush, M. D., to Miss Sophia Amelia, daughter of Mr. Richard Amos, all of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. W. A. Clark, Mr. Vincent Martling, of Richmond county, Staten Island, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Cager, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Anthon, M. C. R. Miller, to Miss Sarah A., daughter of the late Philip Verplanck, of Verplanck's Point.

On Monday, the 2d inst. at Stamford, Conn. by the Rev. N. Smith, Mr. William Pendell, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of the former place.

## Died,

In Memphis (Tenn.) on the 30th July last, after an illness of six hours, Mr. MARSHALL SMITH, of Derby, Conn. aged 44 years.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Sarah Lyon, widow of Captain Joseph Lyon, formerly of this city, deceased, aged 61 years.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Charles Brooks, aged 48.

On Wednesday evening, of consumption, Elizabeth Harkinson, in the 47th year of her age.

On Wednesday, Lyman Clark, aged 60 years.

On Sunday morning last, after a severe illness, in the 44th year of his age, Mr. Joseph Levy.

In Brooklyn, on Wednesday morning, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary Snell, aged 57 years.

In Brooklyn Sept 3d, Mr. Thomas H. Bicknell, aged 30 years.

On Tuesday morning, after a lingering illness, in the 38th year of his age, Mrs. Catharine Cluney, wife of William Clark.

On Thursday evening, at Newtown, L. I. William, son of Thomas R. Lawrence, in the 6th year of his age.

On board the schr. Emeline, from Havana, on the 27th ult. James Riley, of Baltimore, seaman; 28th, Wm. Wise of Lowell, Mass., seaman; 31st Captain Oliver Blanchard, of Boston, passenger; all of Yellow Fever.

Of yellow fever, at sea, on board the Concordia, from New Orleans, on the 2d inst. Charles Card, aged 21 years, son of William Card, Esq. of this city.


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FLUTE.

JOHN A. KYLE respectfully informs his friends and the public, that having resigned the situation he held in the Orchestra of the Park Theatre for the last three years, he intends to devote himself entirely to the instructions on the Flute and Piano, and requests the patronage of the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York. Address, 50 Vesey street.

Hours for Instruction from 9, A. M. to 3, P. M
s14

T. WHALE & SON, Professors of the polite art of Dancing, have the honor of making known to their friends, the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York, that their School Academy will open for the season at 264 East Broadway on Wednesday the 2d of October. Days of tuition, Wednesdays and Saturdays for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, under the age of fifteen, from 3 till 6. The Senior Class of Gentlemen from 7 till 9.

Mr. W. flatters himself from the long experience he has had in his profession, under the most eminent teachers in England and France, and from the high reputation he has acquired in the principal cities in England and the United States or America, that his fashionable style of instruction will meet with the general approbation of those Ladies and Gentlemen who may be pleased to honor him and his son, with the patronage which he has been so liberally favored with since his return to the city of New York.

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N. B. Private Lessons given at their residence from ten till one every morning in the week. s14 1m

THE NEW NATIONAL SPELLING BOOK.

CARTEE, HENDEE & CO. (Successors to Richardson, Lord & Holbrook,) at the Boston School Book Depository, have this day published—*The New National Spelling Book and Pronouncing Tutor*; exhibiting the precise sound of each syllable in every word, according to the most approved principle of English Orthoepy. By B. D. Emerson, author of the National Spelling Book, and late Master of the Adams Grammar School, Boston.

The New National Spelling Book differs from the old, meaning the one now in general use, principally in the orthography of some disputed words. It is compiled to meet the wishes of several valued teachers, who appraised of the plan of its predecessor, as to its classification and plan for precisely pointing out the pronounciation, but who were reluctant to follow the orthography of Walker in all cases.

Those words, whose orthography has been changed, chiefly belong to two classes. 1. Words of no more than one syllable, ending in ck: in these the final k is omitted. 2. In such words as favour, honour, labour, the u is omitted. Other alterations may be stated.—The Key to the vowel sounds has been simplified, by the omission of the character which indicated the vicarious sound of the short u. The use of this character is superseded by the formation of a distinct class of those words in which such vowels occur. The chapter containing words of similar sound, but of different spelling and signification, has been enlarged, so as now to comprise an ample vocabulary. Some words, not of common use, together with several hundred proper names, have been expunged from the spelling columns, and their places filled with Reading Exercises. Cuts, or pictures, are inserted, as usual in most other Spelling Books. The plan for indicating the pronunciation of each letter and syllable, as adopted in the former work, is adhered to in this work.

☞ The publication of the former "National Spelling Book," will be continued, so that those Instructors who prefer that edition may still be supplied. s14

MR. SULLIVAN'S DISCOURSE.

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Boston, August, 1833, on the means of procuring intelligence and happiness among the people of the United States. By William Sullivan, one of the officers of the Institute.

This day published, by
s14 CARTER, HENDEE & CO.

A Handsome suite of unfurnished apartments to let. Inquire 265 East Broadway. s14

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 215 Broadway.

AMERICAN PERFUMERY.

TWO MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—The subscribers offer a splendid and general assortment of perfumery, not to be equalled in the country, and on a scale of quality and neatness, with any imported, which they offer on terms liberal, and solicit purchasers to an inspection of their assortment. SNYDER & CO.

Importers of and Dealers in English and French Perfumery, 30 Cedar corner of William-st. s30

OLD GALEN'S HEAD DISPENSARY, No 14 Peck Slip, corner of Water street.—DR. EVANS continues his improved practice as usual, at his well established Dispensary, No. 14 Peck slip. The public are respectfully apprised, that Dr. Evans being regularly educated in the city of London has been a member of said faculty 37 years—has had 12 years hospital practice and is well known as a practitioner in this city for the last 16 years. The great success attending Dr. E.'s practice in all delicate diseases, viz. Syphilis, gonorrhœa, gleets, strictures, &c. induce ignorant pretenders to copy after him. Many valuable members of society are daily falling sacrifices to the artful baits held out by those unprincipled experimentalists. Strangers are particularly cautioned not to be deceived by ingenious puffing advertisements of any description, but call and judge for themselves.

Also, to be had at the above Dispensary, Minerva's Box, containing a complete plan of medicine for the cure of a certain disease, with a small book of directions, in which the symptoms and treatment of the diseases are pointed out with such brevity and accuracy that every person may in this case become his own physician.

Also, a preventive for the above, if used in due time.

N. B. The offices and entrances are well arranged, and secrecy may be depended on. mch 23

DUTCHESS COUNTY RACES.

In consequence of the running of the Races on the Union Course and on the Central Course, the Managers of the Dutchess County Society have altered the time of their fall meeting. The races over the Course will commence on Tuesday September 24, and continue three days.

First day.—At 12 o'clock, sweep stakes for Henry and Childers colts three years old, owned and bred above the Highlands, $200, each h. f. mile heats.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse $200.

Second day.—At 12 o'clock, mile heats, purse, $150, free for any colt three years old, or under, bred in the Counties of Dutchess or Columbia. Three at least to make a race.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse, $360.

Third day.—At 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse $500. Dated Poughkeepsie August 31, 1833.

A. FORBUS, Secry.

BALTIMORE RACES OVER THE CENTRAL COURSE, Fall meeting, 1833.

Will commence on the third Tuesday in October, 15th, and continue four days at least.

FIRST DAY.

A most interesting sweepstake, to which there are eleven subscribers, $500 each, h. f. In this race there are the most promising collection of colts that were ever seen in America, viz: William R. Johnson, enters full sister to Herr Cline.

Henry A. Taylor, f. Emily Tonson, by Monsieur Tonson; dam Lucy Gwynn, by Sir Charles.

Edward Parker, full brother to Pilot.

C. S. W. Dorsey, ch. f. by Maryland Eclipse, out of a Tuckahoe mare.

J. M. Botts, Gohanna colt, out of Sir Walter's dam.

James M. Selden, ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Adelaide, by Wonder.

William Wynn, full brother to Anvil.

R. F. Stockton, a Monsieur Tonson colt, out of Iris.

R. L. Stevens, a Henry, out of Cinderella.

A. P. Hamlin, gr. c. by American Eclipse, out of Empress.

R. Gilmor, Jr, gr. c, Cadet, by Medley, out of Sally Walker.

SECOND DAY.

Two mile heats for a splendid pair of silver pitchers and waiters, cost $500. The winner will be entitled to take the plate or the $500 at his option.

THIRD DAY.

Proprietors purse, three mile heats, $500, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY.

Jockey Club purse, $1,000 four mile heats, entrance $20.

In addition to the above there is a prospect of having a post stake, four mile heats, $500 entrance, p. p. to which the proprietor will add $600 provided five subscribers can be procured. Also a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old mile heats, entrance $300, $100 forfeit, four or more to make a race. In this there are three subscribers, viz: Mr. Wynn, W. R. Johnson, and Jas. S. Garrison. These two stakes will be open to subscribers until the first of October.

J. M. SELDEN, Proprietor.

The Nat. Intelligencer, Washington, Richmond Whig, Petersburg Intelligencer, Norfolk Herald, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, Philadelphia Chronicle, Lancaster Journal,

# UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

## CARDS

**A. L. DE ROSE,**
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

JOHN MAGNIN Importer of Watches, Clocks Musical Boxes, Materials and Tools for watch makers, &c. &c. No. 22 Wall street, july27

G. L. SLOAN & CO. COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street. july 27

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MERKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 68 Wall street.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN, Merchant Tailor and Draper, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's!

STINEMETS & BOLEN. Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. B. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway. dec8.

HOWELL & CO, 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.
☞ H. R. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.
Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in this city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watts st. New York.

**MAVERICK,**
ENGRAVER & PRINTER, will pay the strictest attention to all orders received for Bank Notes, Book Plates, Cards, Seals, &c.
Franklin Office, 83 Liberty.-s

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale ots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART.

CENTRAL HOUSE.—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 156 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

**LONDON HAIR CUTTING.**
G. WADE of 4 1-2 Wall street, having devoted his time to the art of Hair Cutting, for the last ten years, flatters himself, that if the Gentlemen of New York will favor him with a trial of his abilities, it will merit a continuance of their favors.
Agent for Gallis's celebrated Dye Powder, by using which, red or Grey Hair is changed to a permanent black March 9

EXHIBITION OF THE

## HALL OF INDUSTRY.

THE citizens of New York and its vicinity, are respectfully informed that the proprietors of Morgan's useful and wonderful novelty, consisting of three Manufactories of Cotton and Woollen Cloths, and Cards in full operation, by the power of Dogs, are exhibiting at the CITY SALOON, Marble Building, opposite St. Paul's Church, Broadway, for a short time. Ladies and gentlemen who are disposed to patronize useful, interesting, and novel ingenuity, are invited to call and examine.
Hours of exhibition from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., from 3 to 6, and from 7 1-2 to 10 in the evening. Admittance 26 cents. aug24 2m

**TO FAMILIES AND GROCERS.**
*PATENT MOULD CANDLES.*
THE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will remain hard in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to retain any of the melted tallow,—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by W. HULL & SON, No. 189 Front st. may 31. tf

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 194 Division street, N. York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec8 6m

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PROBONO PUBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. LOWERRIE is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unquestionable ad valorum variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, homkal or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16

## Popular Houses.

**ADELPHI HOTEL,**
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

**S. H. VALENTINE,**
EAGLE HOTEL,
603 Broadway. aug17

**THE RED HOUSE,**
BY JAMES DAVIS,
548 BROADWAY.
Wines and Liquors of the best quality. aug31

**WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.**
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.
☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

**NIBLO'S HOTEL,**
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*
THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

**CLINTON LUNCH,**
*Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.*
THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

**TAMMANY HALL,**
*Opposite the City Hall, New York.*

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the city vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from 8in the morning until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

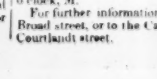
**CONGRESS HALL.**
*PARK PLACE*, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

**COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,**

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jessup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Fobes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JESUP.
Albany, june 25.

**SOUTHERN AND WESTERN**
*STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.*

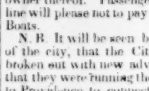
LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 2d day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
*LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY* Daily Mail Stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sudays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
*LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY* Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

*NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.*
**FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.**

The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 11 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

## Stages and Steamboats.

*FARE REDUCED TO $2 50.*
**NO MONOPOLY ! ! !**
*PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.*

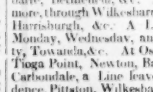
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.
*FARE REDUCED TO* $2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, 12 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton 1 50
Breakfast on board 37 1-2
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best Hotels.
This line is connected with the Baltimore People's Line, which leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock, A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For passage, apply on board the boat, Pier No. 2, or to THOMAS WHITFIELD, No. 1 Courtlandt st. and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington st. opposite pier No. 2.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
P. S. In consequence of a late advertisement of the Amboy Rail Road Company, relative to the protection which the Legislature of New Jersey have granted to the public against impositions that have been practised upon them by the combination of lines to raise the fare between New York and Philadelphia, the proprietors of the People's Line deem it an act of justice towards themselves, as well as for the satisfaction of the public, to state the following undeniable facts.
In the spring of 1829 the Proprietors of the Union Line, and now the principal owners and Directors of the Rail Road Company, entered into a combination with the old *Citizen's Line*, whereby having *two-thirds* of the stock of both Companies, the fare was raised to Four Dollars in the Summer and Six Dollars in the Winter, which was effected by their own act, and not by the Proprietors of the People's Line, as unjustly stated by them. And if it is true, that by the *first* section of their Charter, more than Three Dollars cannot be charged, why did the Rail Road Company during the last winter exact Five Dollars as the regular fare between the two cities ? aug3

**BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.**
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been taken off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
*New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.*

THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Suckasunny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Dockerstown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Georges*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
*Intersecting Lines.*—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newtonpt. through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, it intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

**LINE OF OMNIBUSES**
*From Twelfth street to Wall street.*
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore that he has received it as such. Tickets issued and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

*NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES*

From Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belcherton, Granby, Chickopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.
RETURNING
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS,
*DYE STUFFS, &c. &c.*
HULL & BOWNE, No. 128 Maiden lane, between Pearl and Water-streets, New York, have on hand a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye Woods, Chemicals, &c. which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms, and in quantities to suit purchasers.
White and Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Spanish Brown, Verdigris, Epsom Salts, in barrels and kegs; Glauber do do do; Alum, in barrels or kegs; Arrow Root, best Bermuda do do do 2d quality, Balsam Tolu in jars, Balsam Capevi in demijohns and bottles, Oil Almonds in cannisters and bottles, Chrome Yellow Prussian Blue, Oil Vitriol in carboys and bottles, Aqua fortis in do do, Muriatic Acid in do do do, ground and chipped Eye Woos in barrels, Madder in casks and barrels Alcohol in barrels, Copal, Japan, and Mastic Varnish, Camphor, Castile Soap, Ink Powder, Kohler's best, do do 2d quality, Sedlitz Powders, Soda Powders, Lee's Pills, Windham and New London Court Plaster, Opodeldoc, Mead's Pills for dyspepsia, Indian Specific for coughs, Foreign and American Patent Medicines, Medicine Chests for families, and every article in their line may 3

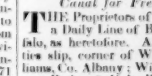
P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No. 153 Centre street. au18

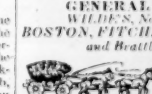
## Stages and Steamboats.

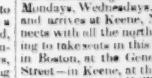
*STAGE OFFICE.*
*Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.*
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro,' Westboro,' Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

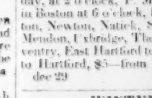
**LOWELL AND BOSTON**
*Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St., Boston.*

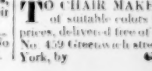
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

**PHOENIX LINE.**
*Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.*

LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M. J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

**ALBANY AND BOSTON**
*Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.*

LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock P. M. Seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. Seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

**LOWELL & BOSTON.**
*NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.*

COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock, for Lowell, Concord, Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

**NEW-YORK AND EASTON**
*Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.*

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Meadham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Munch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Willesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or to I. Roy, Jersey City, At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

**MERCHANTS' LINE.**

*TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE*
*Canal for Freight and Passengers.*
THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa.; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

**GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.**
*WILDES, No. 11 ELM STREET,*
*BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.*

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.
*CITIZENS' LINE OF MAIL COACHES*
*From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.*
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
*BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.*
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.
STAGES will leave Wilden's (Green) Stage Office, 11 Elm street Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats of stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Bolton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

**WINTER FASHIONS,**
*At H. T. STURLEVN'S, 255 Broadway, 2 doors from Peale's Museum.*
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY colored and blk Silk Cloaks, made in a superior style and latest patterns. A large assortment of French Cahceos; gentlemen and ladies' Silk, Cotton, Merino, Angola, Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment Fancy Shawls Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, and a general assortment of every article in French and English fancy goods Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. which will be offered at the lowest prices. nov 10

TWO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 152 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st New York, by GEORGE S WAITE j19

## New Inventions.

**RODGERS' PATENT**
*Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.*
JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD !*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to